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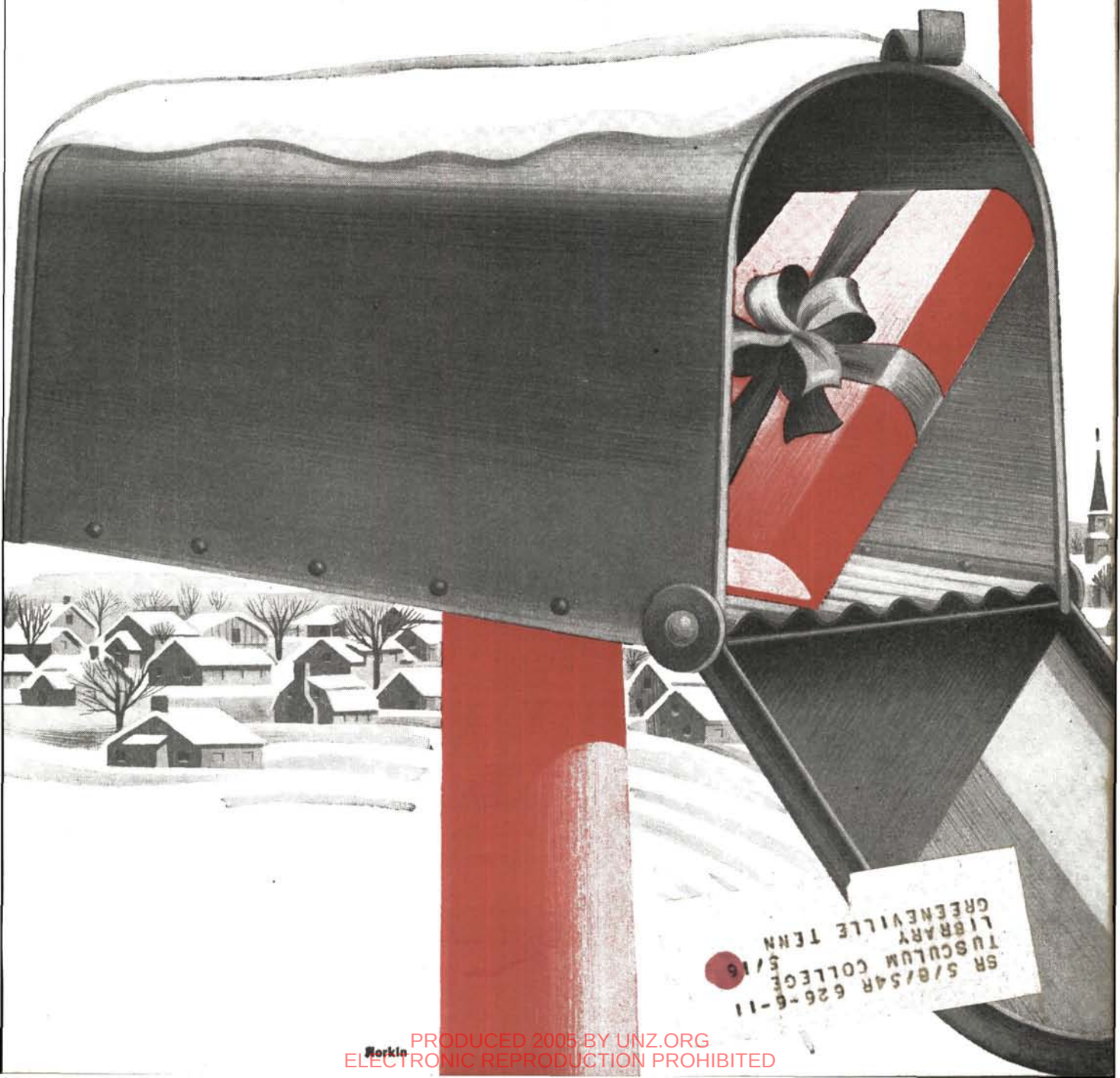

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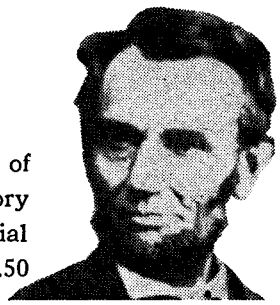

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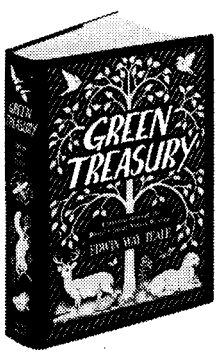

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THE fourth National Book Awards will be presented on January 27, 1953. These awards, sponsored by the book industry, are given annually for the most distinguished books by American writers in the fields of fiction, nonfiction and poetry. They are the only major literary awards chosen by boards whose members are announced in advance.

¶ The sponsors are the American Book Publishers Council, the American Booksellers Association and the Book Manufacturers' Institute. At this moment individual members of these groups are nominating the books they consider best. Since this is an industry award, members of the public may not participate directly. However, I am conducting my own poll, and if you will write me your three choices, I will publish a comparison of your selections with those of the judges. Any book of fiction, nonfiction or poetry written by an American and published here in 1952 is eligible.

Award to the Wise!

¶ With the award season upon us, I have decided to have one of my own. The Editor-at-Large Award will be given for the best letter on "The Doubleday Book I Would Like Most to Give or Receive This Christmas." The winner will be given the book he names.

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 6, 1952

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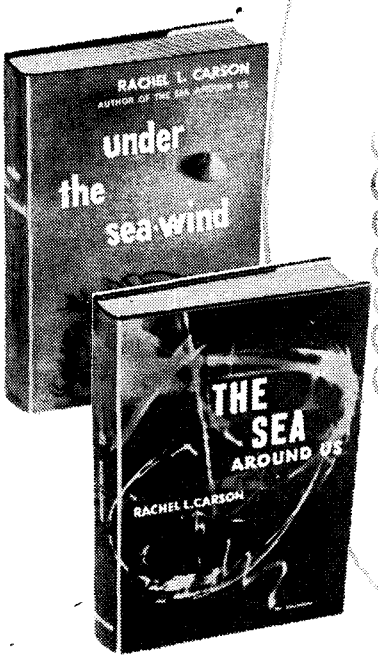

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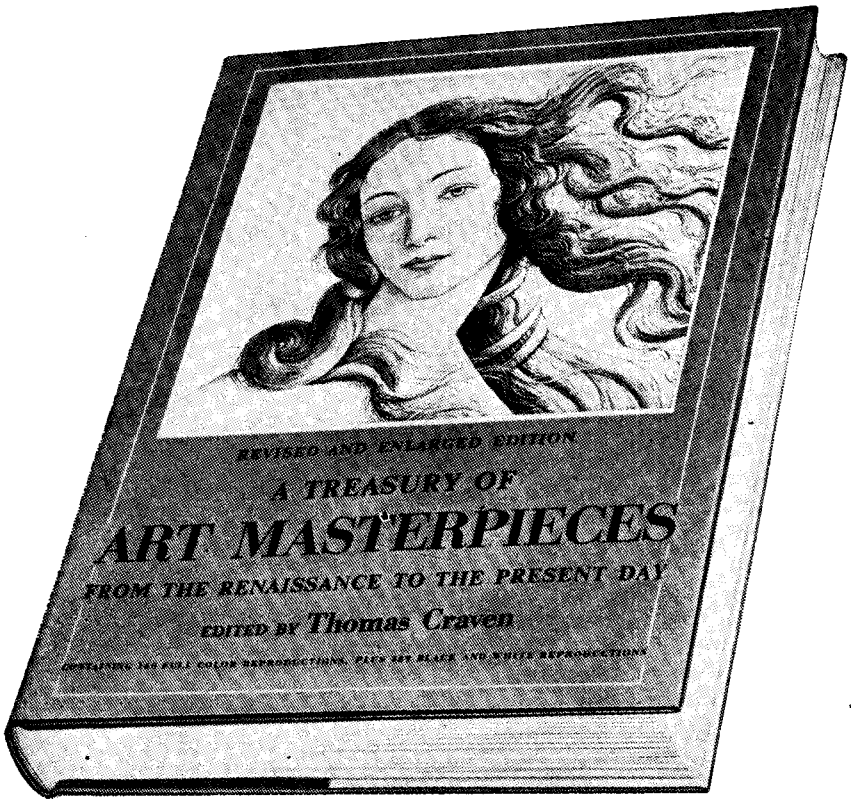
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Good News

▶ In November 1950 the Youth Guidance Center in San Francisco opened modern quarters to house young delinquent boys and girls under eighteen. Somewhat later the San Francisco Library Commission became interested and decided to stock the empty library shelves with about one thousand books, all new, covering fiction and non-fiction from nursery-age to teenage groups. Destruction at first was appalling; covers hacked off books, writing scribbled across the pages, and other sorts of vandalism. Officials realized that mere destruction of property meant little to the youngsters who were involved in other serious troubles. After discussing the problem they agreed that a certain proportion of damaged books were worth the attempt to make better citizens of the children; they decided to continue stocking the shelves with new books when needed. Supervisors pointed out to the youngsters that the destructive impulse only hurt the group itself, since if it continued no more new books would be forthcoming. Then, a marked decrease in destruction was noted. The children began taking the books for pleasure and caring for them.

▶ Unemployment in the United States in September was only 1,438,000, the lowest figure since the end of the war.

▶ The establishment of reciprocal copyright relations between the United States and the Principality of Monaco became effective on October 15. Although only about one-half square mile in area, Monaco has a powerful broadcasting station which is widely heard in that part of Europe. The works of U. S. authors and composers thus will receive potential protection that is greatly disproportionate to the small size of the country.

▶ Five years ago the British Law Society's American divorce department was set up to help British brides defend divorce petitions brought by soldier husbands. The department is now closing down for lack of business. Only 255 cases of divorce out of 65,000 marriages were handled during the five years.

▶ The American Public Relations Association has just announced that the community of Sheridan, Wyo., will be given a special award for its outstanding work in improving relations with near-by Indian residents. The association said this achievement was being reflected in many other localities throughout the West.

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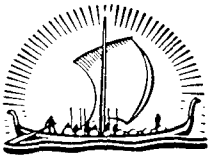

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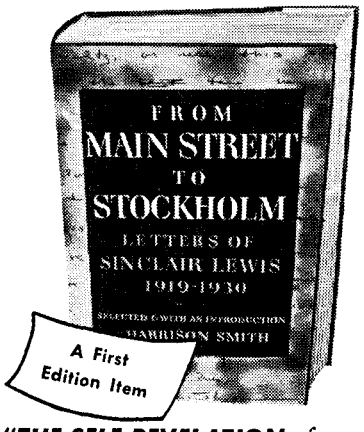

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NOTES OF A TRAVELING MAN

COURTESY OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, I was able to breakfast in New York, fly to Louisville for a lecture and reunion with some old and cherished friends, and return home in time for a glamorous dinner party with Fleur and Mike Cowles (celebrating, among other things, the publication of "Flair Annual"). . . . If you want to know how it feels to find yourself, if only for a fleeting moment, the only male in a group that includes Greta Garbo, Jean Vanderbilt, Mary Healy, Nancy Hayward, and Jinx Falkenberg, the answer is wonderful, just wonderful. . . . In Louisville, I competed with the fall race meeting at historic Churchill Downs, but since my talk was sponsored by the Kentucky Education Association, and staged at the old Warren Memorial Presbyterian Church, I assume that my basic appeal was to a different type of audience. . . . I found the W. K. Stewart Bookstore bulging with customers, with Mr. Stewart himself, a big man in literary circles for the last thirty years, as affable as the proverbial Kentucky colonel. His eyes still mist over when he talks about his lifelong friend, the late John Kidd. . . . I had always pictured in my mind the Wilderness Road Bookshop as an exotic, even primitive, retreat. Not at all! Located just off the lobby of the luxurious Brown Hotel, and presided over by the polished Morton Joyes, this is one of the most up-to-date and satisfying shops I've visited all year. . . . I met Skip Graham, director of Louisville's famous public library, too, but how could we talk about books when Anne Dunton, the belle of the blue grass country, was distracting us both?

IN TIFFIN, OHIO, Heidelberg College undergraduates still speak with reverence of two humorists who once trod the hallowed soil there (not quite at the same time): Artemus Ward and Earl Wilson. . . . In Dayton, Rike's book buyer, Bec Wise, made her television debut, is now weighing flattering offers from three major networks. . . . Dayton also harbors two young journalists heading rapidly for the top: Erma Bombeck of the *Journal-Herald* and Ralph Vines of the *News.* . . . In Toledo, the *Blade*'s famous editor, Grove Patterson, attended a session of the Ohio Librarians' convention, told a darnsight better stories than the speaker engaged for the occasion. . . . In Whitewater, Wisconsin, one of the dormitories occupied by girl students at Wisconsin State was originally a spiritualists' college, and is now known as Spook Hall. An occasional banjo is still said to float through the air and bop some inattentive student on the bean. . . . In Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, Ed Jones, maker of some of the country's finest pork sausages, was presented with a copy of E. B. White's "Charlotte's Web," and may never be the same man again.

DAYTON, OHIO, WAS THE SCENE of one of the first press interviews ever given by the late Wendell Willkie. He held it in his hotel suite, after a banquet, and still wore his dinner clothes. Nervous at the outset, he quickly regained his confidence, and when the reporters and photographers departed Mr. Willkie was well aware that he had made an excellent impression. Although he didn't know it, there was still one reporter on the scene: John Moore, now managing editor of the *Dayton Journal-Herald,* had gotten caught behind the door when the others trooped out. That's how he happened to be on deck when Mr. Willkie clapped his opera hat on his head, waltzed gaily over to the mirror, and exclaimed happily to himself, "Well, Wendell, I'll be gosh-darned!"

"AUTHOR MEETS THE CRITICS" is a television show aimed deliberately at a sophisticated audience, which may be one reason it lacks a sponsor at the moment. The Dumont network, however, deserves thanks for sustaining the program, along with Martin Stone and Jerry Coopersmith, who have championed it valiantly, despite meager financial rewards, season after season.

On a recent session of "Author Meets the Critics" I served as moderator for a discussion of John Crosby's new book, "Out of the Blue," striving uncharacteristically—and, I fear, not too successfully—to keep my two cents' worth out while Henry Morgan struggled to defend Crosby from the mystifying onslaughts of Joe Csida, editor of *Billboard.* I wasn't even supposed to holler "offside" when Mr. Csida came charging in but, oh, boy, I did!

I think John Crosby's syndicated radio and television columns are tops

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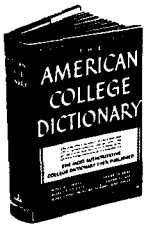

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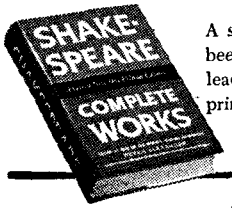

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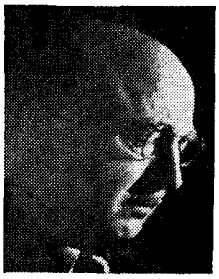

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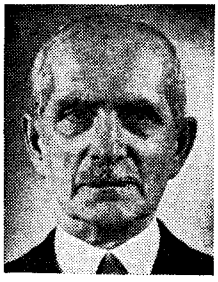

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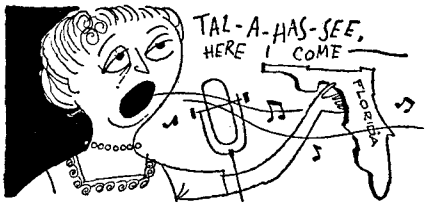
in the newspaper business, and since the best of them, over a six-year span, are included in "Out of the Blue" it behooves anyone interested in the subject to scurry out and buy a copy. It was from John that I learned how our own Goodman Ace's wife, Jane, reacted when chosen to serve on a jury. She assured her radio audience, "I'll say he's not guilty, whoever he is. If he's nice enough to pay me three dollars a day to be his jury, the least I can do is recuperate, doesn't it to you?"

Then there was the lady on a quiz program who was asked, "What state is noted for its orange groves, movie studios, and song beginning, 'Da da da da here I come'?" The lady answered, "Illinois." In a deeply pained voice, the master of ceremonies told her, "I'm afraid that's just a wee bit wrong. The state we were thinking about was California." "I knew it all the time," maintained the lady, "but I come from Florida, and I'm darned if I'm going to advertise California on the radio."



MENTION OF ILLINOIS reminds me of Peter Lind Hayes's story about a rough diamond out that way who always hankered for a visit to England. He finally amassed an adequate bank roll and sailed for the isle of his dreams. Alas! High-bred Londoners shuddered at his boorish manners and gave him the cold shoulder. He felt particularly unwanted at a fashionable garden party to which, unaccountably, he had wangled an invitation and was about to slink off to his hotel when he saw the back of a man that looked familiar. That breadth of shoulder—that bulge of red neck—that haircut could belong only to his old pal "Bull" Wilkins of Streator, Illinois!

The delighted American sneaked up behind the seated figure, whacked him solidly on the back, and then jumped behind a tree to await the reaction. There was none. "'Bull' musta seen me out of the corner of his eye, and is giving me the busi-

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ness," the American told himself, and proceeded to give the seated figure another wallop—much harder this time. Again nothing happened. "Dawgone that 'Bull'," muttered the American. "This time I'll learn him." His third blow was so terrific that the stranger was bowled over like a ninepin.

When he picked himself up, it developed that he was not "Bull" Wilkins at all, but a very, very angry Englishman with a magnificent walrus mustachio and a monocle. "Gosh

all hemlock," stammered the American. "You gotta forgive me. I coulda swore you were my buddy 'Bull' Wilkins."

The Englishman inquired in amazement, "And do you mean to tell me, sir, that 'Bull' Wilkins actually *likes* this sort of thing?"

IN FORT WAYNE, INDIANA, Allan McMahon has had a *succès fou* with his story of two medical students who upon graduation decided to share office quarters. Since one was a psychiatrist and the other a proctologist, they experienced some difficulty in wording a shingle that would do both their callings full justice. They finally worked it out, however. Out went their sign, reading, "Jones and Hensen, Specialists in Odds and Ends."

—BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 494

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 494 will be found in the next issue.

ABCD EFGDH HJKFLMD

NDOCDAAPQH.

D. M. NRAQDK-ASJJPL

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 493

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—DIOGENES LAERTIUS.

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★ Notes for Christmas Lists ★

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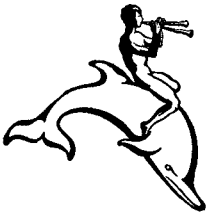

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TV & the Voter

GILBERT SELDES

Gilbert Seldes

ELATED by victory or reconciled to defeat, a large number of thoughtful people still have profound misgivings about the part played in the recent campaign by all the media of communication. There are Democrats who feel they were hucksteredout of victory, and Republicans who wonder whether the techniques of entertainment weren't used a little too much and the techniques of communication a little too little in giving their story to the people. In the agile mind of the politician these doubts are already translating themselves into bills to be presented to Congress —bills to forbid all expenditure of money for broadcasting and bills to give each party five million dollars for television. Although the weight of evidence in the past twenty years is five to one against the idea that the party that spends more wins the election, an uneasy feeling persists that with the press traditionally devoted to one party, broadcasting can cease to be a countervailing force if the same party can buy up most of the good campaigning time. And far below these varied fears there is a half-formed apprehension that television, our newest and potentially greatest engine of enlightenment, may already have suffered corruption.

The following commentary on the course of broadcasting in the campaign is intended to provide a background for thinking out the problems involved. It is based in part on my own fairly comprehensive following of the campaign, corrected by reviews of important broadcasts by means of kinescopes. The actual facts about time and money spent come from authoritative sources, but they are not final. In the interpretation of certain phenomena I have had expert guidance, largely from scholars who are studying the relation between communications and politics. The only prejudice of mine which may influence or color this report—and which therefore should be stated in advance—is in favor of the best possible use of the media of communication. I should also say that 1952, in my opinion, was not a critical case. It has brought up enough evidence to make us think deeply, but not enough to serve as a foundation for general principles or Federal laws. It was not critical because the margin of victory was so great. Landslides represent a confluence of forces, and I doubt very much whether in 1952 broadcasting came anywhere near to being a decisive factor.

The Conventions

So much happened during the actual campaign that even the important highlights of the primaries and the conventions must be passed over as background. Six observations should be kept in mind:

(1) Television did *not* play an important part in the selection of candidates. Eisenhower made a bad start and Stevenson was almost unknown on TV channels. The two men who used television frequently and fairly well in the primaries, Kefauver and Taft, lost out. The most significant aspect of the primary campaign was that the tradition of free air time *before* the nominations was undermined; contestants could buy time also.

(2) On balance, the effect of sponsorship of the convention coverage was good rather than bad. Against a few lapses of taste we must set the great innovation of broadcasting disputes inside the committee rooms, a significant contribution to making Americans aware of the inner workings of their political system. This was possible because networks could afford extra cameras and crews. If antagonisms are concealed or deals made before convention time in 1956, it will be out of fear of television's merciless eye—an unexpected and probably undesirable result.

(3) The commercials themselves were tedious and all too frequent, but for the most part were carefully dissociated from the political events. (Once an overzealous reporter asked Harold Stassen to "tell ABC and Admiral" what he thought about a turn of events; Mr. Stassen, with a good ear for overtones, replied that he would gladly tell the American people whatever he could, but [he implied] he'd be damned if he'd make statements for ABC and Admiral.)

(3) Contrary to early reports, the conventions got good ratings. They were observed in thirteen to fourteen

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Gilbert Seldes, author of "The Seven Lively Arts," "The Great Audience," and the recently published "Writing for Television," reports regularly for SR on TV and radio.

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Candidate Stevenson as seen on video during one of his fireside talks.

million homes and managed at moments of drama to reach some 80 per cent of all the eighteen million TV sets in the country.

(5) The cost of convention coverage was more than the $6,000,000 paid by the sponsors. This may result in partial coverage, with more film used and on-the-spot telecasts reserved for big moments.

(6) Some interesting technical devices were in action and some doubtful techniques. Cameras picked out individual listeners, rapt in attention or reading the funnies. They also often centered on a huddle of delegates on the floor, diverting attention from the speakers.

While this was going on, the veterans of radio broadcasting were doing a cleaner, smoother, and often faster job. The microphones were their servants, there was no picture to dictate what they ought to be talking about. In homes where both television and radio were available, however, these analysts were not getting the audience. Where radio only was available the audience was estimated, at its peak, as only 43 per cent of those who could tune in.

The Campaign

DURING the primaries and the conventions, broadcasting acted as reporter and communicator. It continued to do so in part after Labor Day, for example when a big-city rally was put on the air; but in step with the changing nature of the campaign, the functions of broadcasting altered and the significant events on the air became, more and more, programs created specifically for radio and television. The open question period, or press conference, made a hasty retreat directly after the conventions. The immortal garland of truth, we have been told, is "to be run for not without dust and heat"; running for the Presidency, Governor Stevenson retired to an air-conditioned studio for fireside talks while General Eisenhower submitted himself to the ordeal of having carefully rehearsed and loaded questions lobbed up to him by a group of well-known men and women.

Supporters of each candidate did make appearances on such direct-question programs as "Meet the Press" and "Pick the Winner." On most but not all of these the questioners had been chosen because they represented different political attitudes; on most but not all of them both Republican and Democratic leaders answered or parried shrewd questions. The cleverest debater of those I saw and heard was Governor Dewey, who gained praise and votes in 1950 when he opened himself to a kind of catch-as-catch-can questioning by television. Face to face with questioners this year, Dewey displayed a kind of forensic arrogance, refusing to yield to protests that his long speeches were not responsive to the questions asked. Like several others, Governor Dewey appeared on television and answered questions phoned in. But as the questions could be screened, and as the questioner couldn't manifest dissatisfaction with the answer, such programs were not all they might have been. Like the other substitutes for the press conference, the candidates and their followers answered the opposition—they did not answer the people.

The distinction of the broadcast by Senator Richard M. Nixon, in which he explained his use of a fund created for his own personal use, was that it was a direct answer to the people, to questions planted in the minds of the people by the newspapers. It is my opinion that this broadcast was only a minor influence on the course of the campaign, but its importance can be estimated by the judgment of political observers who hold that if it had failed, if the Republican National Committee had been compelled to drop Senator Nixon, the image of Eisenhower as the sagacious father of his people might never have reemerged from the political imbroglio. If the margin of victory had been close, Nixon's triumphant reversal of fortune might have been the dramatic element giving the Republicans the victory.

I do not know whether any researcher or sociologist got the scent in advance of the importance of this broadcast and prepared to measure exactly its immediate and long-range effect. I do know that studies are *now* being made of it and that the thorniest problem so far encountered is to isolate three of its essential elements: the adequacy of Senator Nixon's reply; the symbols he used in making the reply; and the special value to be given to television as the chief medium for transmitting those symbols. In an amusing report to the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, James A. Kearns Jr. listed twelve major themes present in this broadcast, from Dishpan Hands, Mother Love, and Pets, to Honest Abe and Fear of Communism. Without exception, all of them were the familiar stereotypes of the political orator before soap opera and television had been invented, and several of them had been satirized by Aristophanes in another democracy that had its troubles with unscrupulous politicians and unscrupulous slanderers of innocent men. It is therefore an exercise in political morality to decide whether Nixon was right in bringing in his mother, his wife, and his children's dog to create the atmosphere in which the complete and candid story of his finances would be believed, or whether he used these same elements to cover up the fact that his story was partial and evasive. But it is a question in social effects to decide whether broadcasting, and particularly television, did or did not by their peculiar char-

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Clare Booth Luce—"precise and angry."

acter give his use of these already supercharged images an additional effect. So far as I know, we do not have sufficient evidence drawn from the comparative reactions of those who read the speech, those who heard it, and those who saw Nixon deliver it. This is a pity, because we will soon have a sufficient body of evidence concerning the relative powers of the three media to sell goods; but as to their powers of persuasion in other fields we may remain long in the dark.

This question—whether television has such special qualities that some forms of argument are too dangerous for it to handle—underlies much of the uneasiness caused by Senator Nixon's broadcast; as it is also relevant to other types of political broadcasting, I will return to it after a few brief notes on other aspects of the campaign.

The "hard, tough-minded practical men" who make a living out of television know that whether you think of it as an art, a means of communication, or just one of the "media," it has techniques and esthetics of its own, just as newspapers have and the theatre and painting. Because they shrink from a big word like "esthetics" (while studying and using whatever they can get from it), let us settle for techniques. The almost indefinable effect of television, which some people have called "hypnotic," doesn't exist in a void. It is created by the use of a number of machines which manipulate light and sound and images, putting them into proper relationship; it rises from what you see at this moment in relation to what you hear, and how long you see this image compared to how fast the next five images appear and vanish. Above all, the effect of television comes not from the way it is made so much as it comes from the way it is received—by a small congenial group sitting at home. The right use of all the equipment is the one that keeps the conditions of reception constantly in mind.

For the most part, the experts who advised the Republican and Democratic campaign committees either did not know this or were unable to convince the managers that television had its own conditions to meet. Whatever their intellectual qualities were, the fireside chats of Governor Stevenson were lectures addressed to 5,000,000 people, not talks to two or three; and whatever the intellectual defects of Senator Nixon's spectacular broadcast, it had the supreme virtue of being a man telling two or three acquaintances—not an audience of nine million—his side of a quarrel. The overheralded speech of Senator McCarthy was not only an address to a crowd, it tried in all the wrong ways to use the techniques of television, to "visualize," and succeeded only in "illustrating." (The photograph of a barn in the neighborhood of which suspicious documents were found is actually less interesting, visually, than the eyebrows of the man telling about it.) Governor Dewey playing with paper skeletons out of the Democratic closet was just as bad.

The most skilful use of the basic techniques of television was made by Mrs. Clare Booth Luce. As she spoke of corruption or Chambers and Hiss or the war in Korea, film or maps or other visual material seemed to flow onto the screen and to flow out again to her, so that she really seemed to be looking at, or listening to, what she was showing us. She was herself not nearly as effective as she had been on radio, seeming more worried about her program than about her subject, being precise and angry without generating warmth; but her program was a technical masterpiece compared to most others.

I should note here that many programs not produced by or paid for by campaign committees carried political discussion and information, and that, with minor exceptions, they were comprehensive, impartial, and interesting. Many of these programs, chiefly interviews, were sponsored by their usual commercial backers and provided the only face-to-face arguments of the campaign. The TV-news programs were generally well balanced. Edward R. Murrow and Fred Friendly provided on one of their "See It Now" programs a series of intercut sentences spoken by Stevenson and Eisenhower which composed a short history of the degradation (or mounting excitement) of the campaign. One or two radio commentators were as palpably partisan as they had been four years ago—and were just as insistent on their neutrality. At the very end of the campaign, the Democratic National Committee demanded (and was unable to get) an equal audience to answer what they called a partisan broadcast by Walter Winchell. In New York City a local FM station, WABF, did a nightly rebroadcast of Stevenson's speeches, and after identifying each as a "paid political broadcast" added: "The opinions expressed

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—*Photos by Acme.*

Candidate Eisenhower—"the greatest saturation ever achieved."

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Joey & Stella

The Letters of GBS & Mrs. Pat

JOHN MASON BROWN

—*Bettmann Archive.*

Mrs. Patrick Campbell in 1897 at the age of thirty.

LORD BYRON once remarked, "I forgot to say that one of the pleasures of reading old letters is the knowledge that they need no answer." The delights of "Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence"* do not stop there.

Everyone knows that Shaw was not only one of the greatest of the world's letter-writers but one of the most incessant. By his own calculation, as Blanche Patch, his secretary, reveals in "Thirty Years with GBS," he could have written about twenty additional plays in the time he spent keeping the postman busy. Letters streamed to his door from all over the globe; letters addressed to "Grand old Author Playwright" (this from Denmark); "Greatest English Comedy Writer" (Buenos Aires); "The One and Only: Please Find Him Mr. Postman" (New York); "Author (of all he surveys)" (Beverly Hills); to Mr., Dr., or Hon. Bernard Shaw, or even "Sir Bernard Schaw" at "Where-ever He Lives."

"Fob them off!" was Shaw's instruction to Miss Patch. And she bravely undertook the monumental task of disposing of the routine requests for advice, cash, autographs, or speeches at openings of bazaars. The other letters, the special ones, he answered in his own hand, complaining that he never had a moment of leisure, "only an occasional pause from exhaustion." "If these people had existed in Shakespeare's time," Shaw grumbled, "his literary output would have been very much reduced."

All this, of course, was in his patriarchal years when Shaw had become a world figure, cursed or blessed with the fame he had always thought his due. Long before his career had reached its zenith with "Saint Joan," however, and he was being pestered by correspondents of all kinds, Shaw's industry as a letter-writer was prodigious. It was so incredible that the wonder is he ever found time to produce the shelves of plays, pamphlets, prefaces, novels, and critical works which also spilled from his pen.

Shaw explained his productivity by saying, "If I stop writing, I must die for want of something to do." Although he made this confession in the ebbtide of his nineties, he could have made it with equal truth in the high tide of his forties and fifties. He often described himself as a "writing machine." And a writing machine he was, unstoppable and amazing. His letters and postcards are the final and jubilant proof of this. The many that have already found their way into print represent only a fraction of those that will ultimately be published. Even so, they touch upon all kinds of subjects and are addressed to every type of person.

Among their many dazzling revelations they make clear that it was as hard for Shaw to be dull as it was for him to be silent. Endlessly productive as he was as a professional author, writing in his case was not something that stopped when his day's work was done. Writing for him, in addition to being an indispensable spiritual and intellectual release, was almost a physical need. Shaw's need was equaled only by his endowments. Hence his astonishing articulateness as a correspondent. He wrote as easily as others breathe and was so instinctive a writer that his best letters rank as literature along with the best of his carefully considered works.

The place where he dashed off his letters did not matter. His workshop was wherever he happened to be—a hotel bedroom, a steamer, the garden of an inn, or a third-class compartment on a train joggling madly at midnight. Any and all of these served him as his study. When the urge for communication was upon him, he had to write no matter how late the hour, how tired a speech or a rehearsal had left him, or how hard he had slaved at his dramatic or journalistic output during the day.

THE telephone as a rule is blamed for having brought to an end the age of great letter-writing. But, though Shaw worked for the Edison Telephone Company for a while when he first went to London and mentions the phone several times in his correspondence with Mrs. Campbell, he was one person who continued to write letters as if such an instrument had never been invented. He excelled at public speaking and could be enchanting as a conversationalist. Yet the written word had for him a reality nothing else could claim. He admitted this in his famous declaration, "Whether it be that I was born mad

*BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: Their Correspondence. Edited by Alan Dent. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 385 pp. $5.

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or a little too sane, my kingdom was not of this world: I was at home only in the realm of the imagination, and at my ease only with the mighty dead." He made his position no less clear when in a sentence equally well known he concluded his preface to the Shaw-Ellen Terry letters by saying, "Let those who may complain that it [meaning their affair] was all on paper remember that only on paper has humanity yet achieved glory, beauty, truth, knowledge, virtue, and abiding love."

He was enormously susceptible to women. Indeed, he liked to picture himself as a philanderer. And women were no less susceptible to him. His claim was that he lived on paintings and music, opera and fiction, and thus escaped seduction until he was twenty-nine when an enterprising widow, one of his mother's pupils, appealed successfully to his curiosity. After that, he maintained, "whenever I have been left alone in a room with a susceptible female she has invariably thrown her arms around me and declared she adored me."

Shaw was forty-two when he married (or was married by) Charlotte Payne-Townshend, the "Irish lady with the light green eyes and the million of money," whom he told Ellen Terry he had "got to like so much" that it would have been "superfluous to fall in love with her." That his liking for her was the equivalent of love, their happy, if unecstatic, married life makes clear. He was devoted to Charlotte and she to him, and no wife could have been righter for such a man. She was gracious and highly intelligent. She admired him as much as she protected him. She was his shield against small worries, his hostess and companion, his fellow traveler on long journeys, and the dedicated trained nurse of his health and genius.

If they had their moments of tension, as these letters to and from Mrs. Patrick Campbell prove they did, it was because Mrs. Pat pocketed Shaw's heart when he was fifty-six and old enough to know better. Although he had corresponded with Mrs. Campbell on and off since 1899, she did not imperil his well-ordered life until the summer of 1912. Then she came close to dislodging his faith in the superiority of words to actions.

It all happened when Shaw had tricked her into coming to a friend's house to hear him read "Pygmalion." If she succumbed to the part of Liza, he succumbed to the "glorious, white marble lady" who said she was flattered to play such a character. Typically enough, Shaw sent off a letter to Ellen Terry, describing Mrs. Pat's conquest. "And then—and then—oh Ellen; and then? Why, then I went calmly to her house to discuss business with her, as hard as nails, and, as I am a living man, fell head over ears in love with her in thirty seconds. And it lasted more than thirty hours. I made no struggle: I went in head over ears, and dreamed and dreamed and walked on air for all that afternoon and the next day as if my next birthday were my twentieth."

Charlotte soon knew about what had happened. Whether to be honest with her, to tease Stella, or to protect himself, Shaw had ended an eruptive letter to Mrs. Pat by saying, "I must now go and read this to Charlotte. My love affairs are her unfailing amusement: all their tenderness recoils finally on herself. Besides, I love an audience."

Charlotte, however, who liked Ellen Terry, was not amused by GBS's "affair" with Mrs. Pat. She sensed the difference in Shaw's feeling for the two actresses. She also knew the differences between the two women. Her unhappiness is communicated in a letter Shaw sent Mrs. Campbell from France in the fall of 1913. "After two perfectly frightful scenes with me, in which (Charlotte) produced such a case against my career and character as made Bluebeard seem an angel in comparison, she quite suddenly and miraculously—at a moment when murder and suicide seemed the only thing left to her—recovered her intellectual balance, her sanity, and her amiability completely, and became once more (after about two years) the happy consort of an easygoing man."

If Charlotte showed her love for Shaw during the volcanic years of his correspondence with Mrs. Pat by twinges of jealousy, Shaw showed his love for Charlotte by his respectful references to her even when Mrs. Pat had most dizzied him. Thereafter he continued to make his affection for Charlotte plain by stubbornly refusing to permit Mrs. Campbell to publish his letters in spite of the mounting despair and shrillness of her pleadings. He did allow her to include a few of them, even some of the more delirious ones, in her "My Life and Some Letters" (1922), but only after he had removed from them what might have wounded Charlotte.

MOST Shavians know of Shaw's fondness for Annie Besant; his "Mystic Betrothal" to William Morris's daughter; and his interest in Karl Marx's daughter, Eleanor. They have read his letters—loving, hungering, scolding, and filled with instructions on the subject of acting—to Florence Farr. They remember the brilliance of the letter in which he gave Janet Achurch a lesson in playing high comedy. They have reveled in the wisdom, wit, tenderness, and beauty of his paper courtship of Ellen Terry. Now they have spread before them for their delectation the whole body of his interchange with Mrs. Pat, edited with great skill and self-effacement by Alan Dent.

There must be thousands of other

—By Warren Chappell from "Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell: Their Correspondence."

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letters that Shaw sent to women which are as yet unpublished. I know of two batches, both of which cry for print. One is the enchanting series Shaw addressed to Mrs. August Belmont when she was Eleanor Robson and he was trying to persuade her to appear in "Major Barbara." The other is (or was) crammed into a desk at Cliveden and consists of the invaluable notes, long and short, which he was in the habit of sending to his dear friend Lady Astor. Indeed, over the decades Shaw emptied his inkwell, if not his heart, to so many women that he could not remember all of their names. Miss Patch relates how once she found a packet of his letters at the back of a drawer. They were written to "Alice," but as Shaw could not for the life of him recall who Alice was he told Miss Patch she might keep them.

Shaw had a way of making most of his letters to women sound like love letters whether love was their business or not. He told Hesketh Pearson he had been sexually infatuated only twice in his life, once when a young man and once when middle-aged—in other words, with Mrs. Pat. During the short period that he was infatuated with her, his language may have increased in heat. Yet the interesting thing about all of Shaw's "love" letters is the similarity of their tone, pitch, and intensity regardless of whether or not he was really in love.

Although Shaw was no prude about sex, he was anything but a sensualist. The mind and the spirit always mattered to him more than the body. He was as incapable of understanding Frank Harris's approach to women as Frank Harris was of understanding his. When at seventy-four he taxed his memory by writing his clean-minded Sex Credo for Harris, he admitted the "celestial . . . exaltation" of the sexual act. He added characteristically that it gave him "a sample of what may one day be the normal state of being for mankind in intellectual ecstasy."

Shaw found sex "hopeless as a basis for permanent relations, and never dreamt of marriage in connection with it." His real passion was moral, not physical. Love was a game at which he liked to play; "love letters" a form of writing which relaxed him. In his preface to the Ellen Terry correspondence he could laugh at Henry Irving because he "would not have left the stage for a night to spend it with Helen of Troy." This, however, did not prevent Shaw from confessing to Frank Harris that he put everything else before sex, "and never refused or broke an engagement to speak on Socialism to pass a gallant evening."

Shaw was well aware of his limita-

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Bernard Shaw—My Editor

ANDRE MAUROIS

FOR years I have kept among my most precious papers the galley proofs of an essay on Shaw which appeared in my "Prophets and Poets," in 1935. I have kept them as a unique Shavian item, for the corrections, deletions, interpolations, substitutions, and comments on them are by GBS himself in his own singularly youthful and legible handwriting. Added up, they comprise a revealing essay on Shaw by Bernard Shaw. And they make amusing reading, for juxtaposing the suppressed text—mine—with the material supplied by Shaw is like listening to a lecturer whose voice is gradually drowned out by an insistent, authoritative, and very witty heckler.

I had been very careful to draw upon the most reliable sources for the biographical details, and when it came to expounding Shaw's ideas I had for the most part used his own published writings. Even so, when the book was being seen through the press, the London publishers were worried. "GBS is very captious," they warned. "To avoid a rumpus, we believe it would be wise in this instance to show the model his portrait before exhibiting it to the public." This, in substance, is what they wrote to me. I agreed to let Bernard Shaw glance through the galley proofs of my essay on him.

When the galleys were returned to me they were laden with a mass of corrections in black and red ink—the latter color used for his private notes to me—and with a long typescript on green paper appended. Shaw as an editor was nothing if not colorful.

And he was ruthless, too. I had based my essay on the theme of the essential difference, as I saw it, between French and English comedy. He threw out my thesis and substituted his own explanation for his comparative lack of success with French audiences. French comedy, I said, was based on the classic mold of Molière. In France audiences disliked having metaphysics mixed with farce. This was doubtless the reason why Bernard Shaw had enjoyed comparatively little success there. Shaw expostulated in red ink: "Monsieur Maurois has no notion of what the French theatre was like in the Nineties—he is too young. He should read my articles on Sardou."

HE then suppressed what I had said and substituted:

"When Bernard Shaw came to the theatre as a playwright in the last decade of the nineteenth century he had the air of a bandit storming a fortress. And the theatre thus assailed was a Parisian theatre pure and simple. It dominated all the stages of Europe with its formula of 'the well-made play,' settled for all time by Eugene Scribe. A young Scotsman named William Archer was its devoted champion among the London critics, and remained so to the day of his death. He was also a strenuous Freethinker. A young Irishman startled and amused him by sallies in freedom of thought which went quite beyond him; and the two became friends.

"Archer proposed that they should write a play in collaboration. Archer was to provide the plot and construct the play on strict Parisian lines; and Shaw was to provide the dialogue. When the first act was completed, and bore not the smallest resemblance to a Parisian 'exposition,' nor any recognizable relation to Archer's plot, the collaboration exploded with a violence which might have resulted in a lifelong quarrel had it been possible to quarrel with Shaw. For he not only refused to see anything wrong with his first act, but blasphemed horribly against Archer's artistic faith. 'Your art of playmaking,' he said, 'is not a living art; it is art of making wax flowers, clockwork mice, and rabbits on wheels which tap tambourines as you draw them along. Its figures are not human: they have no politics, no religion, no money troubles, and no

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sex. Yes: no sex, though they think that sex is the only subject that makes a play. But they know nothing about sex: they think that duels and divorce proceedings and marriage laws are sex. I leave such mechanical trash to the poor devils who cannot play the classic game, which is my game. A real play is not constructed: it grows like a flower. These Boulevardiers, who are real Frenchmen, are always talking about art: they plaster all their street corners with their attempts at it; but they know nothing about it: I shall have to teach them from the ground up when I have finished with the English.' He has not yet had time, nor quite finished with the English, and this is doubtless the reason, etc. etc."

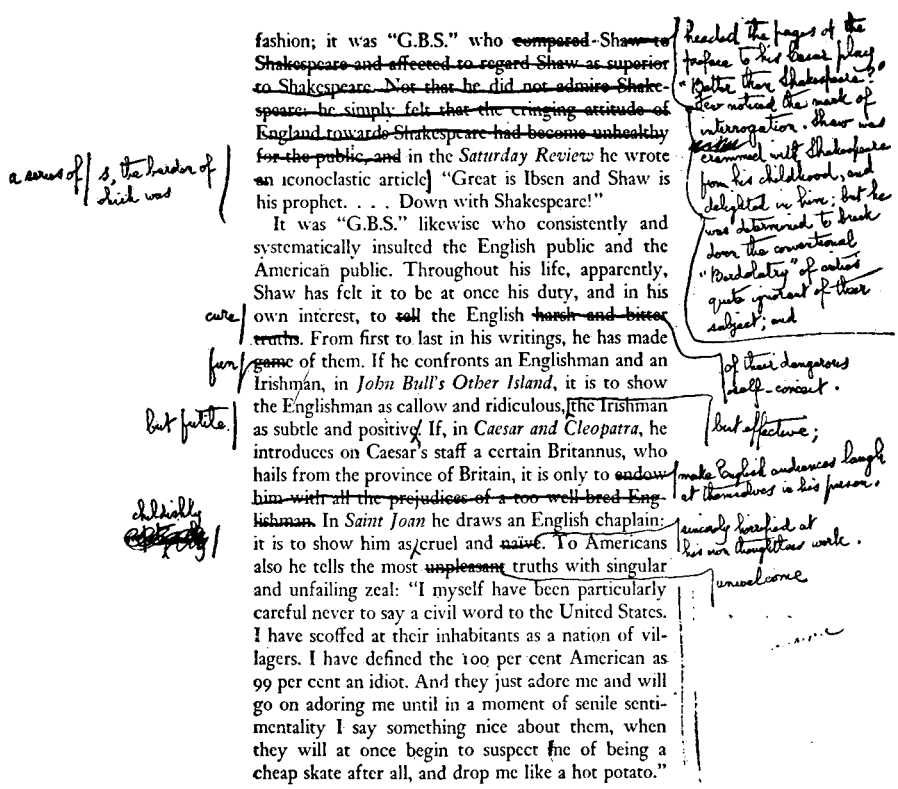
I was allowed to conclude the sentence!

SHAW, I said, had always maintained that he owed his perfect health to vegetarianism. Wrong! Shaw supplied: "He has always denied that he owes his perfect health to his vegetarianism, firstly because his health is not perfect, secondly because carnivorous people live as long and well as he, and finally because vegetarianism is a diet for heroes and saints, not for vulgar persons." Shaw then expertly amplified my next remark to read: "The only danger that he sees for society in vegetarianism is, indeed, the strength which it gives to its practitioners, from the bulls and the elephants to the Shelleys and Shaws."

Shaw's family was a curious one, I said. In red ink Shaw contradicted this. "It is not in the least *curious*. The world is still full of impecunious 'younger son' gentry." In three lines I tried to describe his family. Shaw deleted them and wrote: 'Shaw's family . . . was a very typical product of the old feudal primogeniture system, which continually threw off younger sons with no money and younger sons' younger sons with less, but with unabated claims to be gentlemen of family. His father had been a Government official and the abolition of his post as useless had left him with a pension which he capitalized to enable himself to become a man of business. He was not a success in that capacity."

His father was an impenitent drinker, so I said. Shaw substituted "remorseful," and added in a red ink aside: "He was, on the contrary, a very penitent one."

At an early age, I said, Shaw had been taken away from a Wesleyan school, in which he had been at the bottom of his classes. Wrong! Shaw supplied: "At sixteen he was taken away from school, in which he had found his schoolbooks unreadable."



fashion; it was "G.B.S." who ~~compared~~ Shaw ~~to Shakespeare and affected to regard Shaw as superior to Shakespeare. Not that he did not admire Shakespeare; he simply felt that the cringing attitude of England towards Shakespeare had become unhealthy for the public, and~~ in the *Saturday Review* he wrote an iconoclastic article] "Great is Ibsen and Shaw is his prophet. . . . Down with Shakespeare!"

It was "G.B.S." likewise who consistently and systematically insulted the English public and the American public. Throughout his life, apparently, Shaw has felt it to be at once his duty, and in his own interest, to ~~tell~~ the English ~~harsh and bitter truths~~. From first to last in his writings, he has made ~~game~~ of them. If he confronts an Englishman and an Irishman, in *John Bull's Other Island*, it is to show the Englishman as callow and ridiculous, the Irishman as subtle and positive. If, in *Caesar and Cleopatra*, he introduces on Caesar's staff a certain Britannus, who hails from the province of Britain, it is only to ~~endow him with all the prejudices of a too well-bred Englishman~~. In *Saint Joan* he draws an English chaplain: it is to show him as cruel and ~~naïve~~. To Americans also he tells the most ~~unpleasant~~ truths with singular and unfailing zeal: "I myself have been particularly careful never to say a civil word to the United States. I have scoffed at their inhabitants as a nation of villagers. I have defined the 100 per cent American as 99 per cent an idiot. And they just adore me and will go on adoring me until in a moment of senile sentimentality I say something nice about them, when they will at once begin to suspect me of being a cheap skate after all, and drop me like a hot potato."

A galley of Maurois' biography—half-Maurois, half-Shaw.

And in red ink he informed me: "I was at several schools and was never a Methodist."

He deleted what I said about his Calvinistic background and in red ink noted: "My background was not Calvinistic. It was completely Bohemian and freethinking."

He struck out all I had to say regarding his youthful career in a real-estate office, and wrote instead: "For a while he kept up some pretence of seeking commercial employment."

His real desire was to write, I continued. Shaw deleted this, commenting in red ink, "I had no desire to write. I did it because it was the only thing I could do. My *desires* were musical and pictorial." For the printer he supplied: "His destiny was to write."

I said he had been paid one pound for writing a chemist's advertisement. Wrong! He had been paid "five pounds." I said he had been short of money. He made this read: "desperately short." However, his parents had not been poor; instead, they had been "hard pressed to keep up appearances."

His Socialism was, I said, derived from Henry George, and it was something very different from democratic Socialism. Shaw disagreed, deleted, and boldly substituted: "He was turned from religious scepticism to economics by a lecture by Henry George and completely and finally converted to Communism by reading Karl Marx. Shaw, though he made short work of Marx's obsolescences in abstract economics and of his inexperience in practical administration, and laughs at the famous dialectic as a method of thought for British islanders, remains in all essentials a convinced Marxist."

SHAW's book on Wagner, I said, had turned the story of the Nibelungen into a Socialist manifesto. In red ink Shaw informed me: "Wagner was in fact a Socialist who narrowly escaped being imprisoned with Bakunin in 1849. He was exiled for years. Nobody but a Bakunist anarchist could have composed the second scene of 'Das Rheingold'." And he deleted what I had said.

When I listed Whistler as one of his early enthusiasms, Shaw substituted: "the Impressionists." And when I suggested that he had been influenced by Nietzsche, he expostulated: "My Nietzschean reputation is a fiction. I was accused of plagiarizing Nietzsche before I knew of his existence. I reproached the English critics for attributing every symptom of intellect to foreign inspiration."

Another influence, I said, was Samuel Butler, to whom he owed many of his ideas. Out with this! Shaw would admit only to having been influenced by "Butler's denunciations of Darwinism."

For my remark that Ibsen had inspired him to write plays there was substituted: "William Archer induced

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What *SR* Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas

NELSON ALGREN	The Awakening (Jean-Baptiste Rossi)	It's Different for a Woman (Mary Jane Ward)	The Golden Spike (Hal Ellson)	Fancies and Goodnights (John Collier)	Opiate Addiction (Alfred R. Lindersmith)
WAYNE ANDREWS	The Era of Good Feeling (George Dangerfield)	The Glitter and the Gold (Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan)	Henry Adams: Scientific Historian (William H. Jordy)	The Architectural History of Newport, Rhode Island (A. F. Downing and Vincent Scully)	Early American Architecture (Hugh Morrison)
WHITNEY BALLIETT	Ask Me Tomorrow (James Gould Cozzens)	The Shores of Light (Edmund Wilson)	Ceremony and Other Poems (Richard Wilbur)	Old Mr. Flood (Joseph Mitchell)	Marian Evans and George Eliot (Lawrence and Elizabeth Hanson)
SHIRLEY BARKER	The Bounty Lands (William Donohue Ellis)	Language as Gesture (R. P. Blackmur)	New and Selected Poems (Thomas Hornsby Ferril)	The Sinner of Saint Ambrose) (Robert Raynolds)	Love Is a Wound (Worth Tuttle Hedden)
ROBERT BIERSTEDT	Speeches of Adlai Stevenson	Early and Late Testament (Stanley Burnshaw)	Modern Nationalities (Florian Znaniecki)	Bill Mauldin in Korea (Bill Mauldin)	Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Apprenticeship (Frank Freidel)
GEOFFREY BRUUN	Best American Plays 1945-1951 (Ed. by John Gassner)	Little Treasury of British Poetry (Ed. by Oscar Williams)	Canada, the Golden Hinge (Leslie Roberts)	The Exploration of Space (Arthur C. Clarke)	The Columbia Lippincott Gazetteer of the World (Ed. by Leon E. Seltzer)
W. R. BURNETT	The Tartar Steppe (Dino Buzzati)	A Stretch on the River (Richard Bissell)	I Thought of Daisy (Edmund Wilson)	The Collected Short Stories of Frank O'Connor	The Thurber Album (James Thurber)
THOMAS CALDECOTT CHUBB	The Man on a Donkey (H. F. M. Prescott)	The Shorter Cambridge Medieval History (C.W.Previté-Orton)	The Letters of Edna St. Vincent Millay (Ed. by Allan Ross Macdougall)	The Lost Discovery (Frederick J. Pohl)	The Suburbs by the Sea (Robert Hillyer)
MILTON CRANE	The Big Change (Frederick Lewis Allen)	The American Twenties (Ed. by John K. Hutchens)	The Collected Short Stories of Frank O'Connor	Shakespeare and His Critics (F. E. Halliday)	Arrow in the Blue (Arthur Koestler)
GEORGE DANGERFIELD	Waiting for God (Simone Weil)	The Shores of Light (Edmund Wilson)	Men at Arms (Evelyn Waugh)	Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl	The Spirit of Liberty (Learned Hand)
KENNETH S. DAVIS	The Irony of American History (Reinhold Neibuhr)	Ushant (Conrad Aiken)	The Mustangs (J. Frank Dobie)	October Island (William March)	Morning in Kansas (Kenneth S. Davis)
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ROBERT HALSBAND	The Groves of Academe (Mary McCarthy)	Rumor and Reflection (Bernard Berenson)	The Letters of Hart Crane (Ed. by Brom Weber)	The Open Night (John Lehmann)	Nell Gwynn (John H. Wilson)
WALTER HAVIGHURST	The Confident Years 1885-1915 (Van Wyck Brooks)	The Course of Empire (Bernard DeVoto)	From Main Street to Stockholm (Ed. by Harrison Smith)	The Strangers (William E. Wilson)	The Republic and the Person (Gordon Keith Chalmers)
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JAMES KELLY	The Thread of Laughter (Louis Kronenberger)	The Collected Short Stories of Frank O'Connor	Jefferson Selleck (Carl Jonas)	Duveen (S. N. Behrman)	Dominations and Powers (George Santayana)

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HENRY B. KRANZ	Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl	The Devils of Loudun (Aldous Huxley)	Selected Prose of Hugo von Hofmannsthal	Matador (Barnaby Conrad)	East of Eden (John Steinbeck)
OLIVER LA FARGE	Sam Clemens of Hannibal (Dixon Wecter)	Strange Empire (Joseph Kinsey Howard)	Mittee (Daphne Rooke)	The Old Man and the Sea (Ernest Hemingway)	Shadows Move Among Them (Edgar Mittelhölzer)
CHARLES LEE	The Old Man and the Sea (Ernest Hemingway)	The Best Cartoons from *Punch* (Ed. by Marvin Rosenberg and William Cole)	Peter Hunt's How-To-Do-It Book (Peter Hunt)	The War of the Revolution (Christopher Ward)	Portfolio Art Editions
LAURENCE LESAGE	Unamuno (Arturo Barea)	The Loved and the Unloved (François Mauriac)	The Old Man and the Sea (Ernest Hemingway)	In Country Sleep and Other Poems (Dylan Thomas)	The Thurber Album (James Thurber)
SIEGFRIED MANDEL	The Big Change (Frederick Lewis Allen)	The Shores of Light (Edmund Wilson)	The Wonderful Country (Tom Lea)	Dance to the Piper (Agnes De Mille)	Tibetan Religious Art (Antoinette K. Gordon)
DAVID McCORD	Early American Poets (Ed. by Louis Untermeyer)	As They Appear (John Mason Brown)	Fleet Admiral King (Ernest J. King and Walter Muir Whitehill)	They Fought With What They Had (Walter D. Edmonds)	Charlotte's Web (E. B. White)
GERARD PREVIN MEYER	In Country Sleep and Other Poems (Dylan Thomas)	The Thurber Album (James Thurber)	Doting (Henry Green)	The Romantic Agony (Mario Praz)	The Collected Poems of Marianne Moore
ARTHUR MIZENER	Ushant (Conrad Aiken)	The Golden Bowl (Henry James)	The Letters of Hart Crane (Ed. by Brom Weber)	Gods, Graves and Scholars (C. W. Ceram)	The Shores of Light (Edmund Wilson)
RICHARD B. MORRIS	Prisoner of Grace (Joyce Cary)	Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Apprenticeship (Frank Freidel)	Sam Clemens of Hannibal (Dixon Wecter)	Exploration of Space (Arthur C. Clarke)	The Spirit of Liberty (Learned Hand)
FREDERIC MORTON	Arrow in the Blue (Arthur Koestler)	The Trouble with Cinderella (Artie Shaw)	The Closest Kin There Is (Clara Winston)	Heaven Pays No Dividends (Richard Kaufman)	The Dartmouth Bible (Ed. by R. B. Chamberlin and Herman Feldman)
RICHARD NEUBERGER	Strange Empire (Joseph Kinsey Howard)	Joe Meek (Stanley Vestal)	Five Adventure Novels (H. Rider Haggard)	The Course of Empire (Bernard DeVoto)	Mary McLeod Bethune (Catherine Peare)
WALTER PACH	The Greek Way to Western Civilization (Edith Hamilton)	Cry, the Beloved Country (Alan Paton)	The Age of Danger (Ed. by Harold F. Harding)	The Journal of Eugène Delacroix (Ed. by Hubert Wellington)	Religious Art from the XII to XIII Centuries (Emile Mâle)
ROBERT PAYNE	The Man on the Donkey (H. F. M. Prescott)	The Japanese Theatre (Faubion Bowers)	The Letters of Hart Crane (Ed. by Brom Weber)	Monsoon Seas (Alan Villiers)	I Go Pogo (Walt Kelly)
WILLIAM PEDEN	Colonel Julian and Other Stories (H. E. Bates)	The Old Man and the Sea (Ernest Hemingway)	The Collected Short Stories of Frank O'Connor	The Shores of Light (Edmund Wilson)	Limbo (Bernard Wolfe)
ROBERT PICK	The Catherine Wheel (Jean Stafford)	Invisible Man (Ralph Ellison)	Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl	Men At Arms (Evelyn Waugh)	The Golden Hand (Edith Simon)
HARRISON SMITH	East of Eden (John Steinbeck)	Don Camillo and His Flock (Giovanni Guareschi)	Confessors of the Name (Gladys Schmitt)	Abraham Lincoln (Benjamin P. Thomas)	The Shores of Light (Edmund Wilson)
ROBERT E. SPILLER	The Collected Poems of Archibald MacLeish	The Diary of George Templeton Strong (Ed. by Allan Nevins and Milton Thomas)	East of Eden (John Steinbeck)	Hemingway: The Writer as Artist (Carlos Baker)	Music to My Eyes (Alfred Bendiner)
A. M. SULLIVAN	The Collected Short Stories of Frank O'Connor	Chanson Roland (Frederick Bless Liequiens)	London Book of English Verse (Ed. by Herbert E. Read and Bonamy)	1000 Years of Irish Prose (Ed. by Vivian Mercier and David H. Greene)	New and Selected Poems (Thomas Hornsby Ferril)
PAMELA TAYLOR	King Solomon's Ring (Konrad Z. Lorenz)	The Age of Paradox (John W. Dodds)	The Days Before (Katherine Anne Porter)	Daughter of Confucius (Wong Su-Ling and Earl Herbert Creassey)	As They Appear (John Mason Brown)
LON TINKLE	The Mustangs (J. Frank Dobie)	The Great Frontier Walter Prescott Webb)	The Wonderful Country (Tom Lea)	Sironia, Texas (Madison Cooper)	The Old Man and the Sea (Ernest Hemingway)
HARVEY CURTIS WEBSTER	Invisible Man (Ralph Ellison)	East of Eden (John Steinbeck)	The Old Man and the Sea (Ernest Hemingway)	Hugh Walpole (Rupert Hart-Davis)	The Abyss (Manes Sperber)
JOHN T. WINTERICH	The American Twenties (Ed. by John K. Hutchens)	The Last Resorts (Cleveland Amory)	Shakespeare of London (Marchette Chute)	The Big Change (Frederick Lewis Allen)	ABC For Book Collectors (John Carter)
ANN F. WOLFE	In My Opinion (Orville Prescott)	The Mustangs (J. Frank Dobie)	Children of the Rainbow (Bryan MacMahon)	Currier and Ives' America (Ed. by Colin Simkin)	Revolt of the Tartars (Thomas De Quincey)

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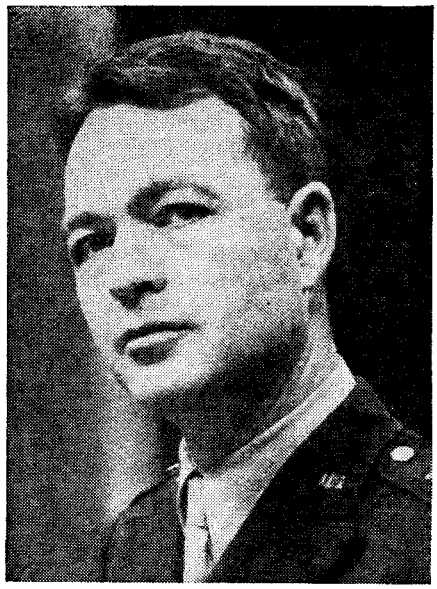
Germany. In 1945 the Third Reich, the empire designed by its Nazi architects to last ten centuries, went down to blazing defeat after a dozen years of tyrannous existence. Three million German soldiers were dead; two-and-a-half million civilians had perished in air raids; the Government and the economy were shattered. Who was responsible for the cataclysm? Although Adolf Hitler and his Nazi Party deserve the brunt of the blame, the responsibility of the German Army and the German industries must not be underestimated—as is demonstrated in two important books we review this week: Telford Taylor's "Sword and Swastika" (below) and Josiah E. DuBois Jr.'s "The Devil's Chemists" (page 29). In the seven-and-a-half years since the Nazi Götterdämmerung, Germany has made an extraordinary recovery. Unfortunately, whether the Nazis themselves are on their way back is now a moot question.



Telford Taylor—"forceful presentation."

Phoenix in Steel Helmets

SWORD AND SWASTIKA. By Telford Taylor. New York: Simon & Schuster. 431 *pp.* $5.

By Percy Knauth

IT WAS Armistice Day when this reviewer closed the pages of General Telford Taylor's book and pondered his report on the German Army's fateful role in Hitler's Germany. Outside, in the quiet streets of a small American town, children shouted in the golden autumn sunshine, happy because school was out. The American flag at the foot of Main Street stirred only faintly in the breeze which wandered in across the wide blue bay, intruding on the peaceful stillness like a long-forgotten memory. The morning paper came a little late because the schoolboy who delivered it had stayed luxuriously in bed beyond his usual hour. It brought, as on all other days, news of war and talk of war—in faraway Korea, Pinpoint Hill had been recaptured for the fourteenth time in twenty-nine days; to four families in New York the anniversary of the day which ended "the war to end all wars" was celebrated with the news that their sons had died in battle; and in Germany the electorate of Lower Saxony had picked as their representative in government a man who was a leader of the Nazi Storm Troops for nearly twenty years. In another province of that restless nation a former S.S. general, extolling his erstwhile comrades, was cheered at the end of his speech by the chant of "Eisenhower *Schweinehund.*"

Thus neatly does General Taylor's story of a dreadful period in history fit into a bewildering present, as though the years between had never been. Its matter can scarcely be put more succinctly than in the opening words of the author's preface: "The alliance of the German military leaders with those of Nazi totalitarianism sealed the fate of Germany, cast the die for war, and turned the course of history. It was the direct cause of the desolation and devitalization of Europe, and a major determinant of the international crisis we face today. And thus, although this is a narrative of events that occurred twelve or more years ago, we are scanning here a past which is part and parcel of the present." And indeed it is. For once again the world is looking to its soldiers—more than to its statesmen—for salvation, as Germany looked to hers in the years between the wars. Yet once again the fear that drives toward war is stronger than the faith which might build peace. And once again, this time deliberately, the victors over the German *Wehrmacht* are nurturing that stricken serpent's brood.

A photograph comes to mind, from a European illustrated magazine last spring. It shows U.S. Secretary of State Dean Acheson descending from a limousine before the Palais Schaumburg in Bonn, the seat of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's government. He has come to sign the contractual agreements which will bring Western Germany back into the European family of nations and give the young republic the right to arm troops for a European army. A sentry of the *Bundesgrenzschutz,* that elite and lightly-armed border police force which was recently set up to guard the demarcation line against the Soviet-sponsored *Volkspolizei,* stands at rigid attention. For the first time since the unconditional surrender was signed by Hitler's generals at Rheims seven years before this German trooper wears the *Stahlhelm,* the pot-like helmet familiar from two German wars of conquest. The caption underneath the picture reads: "The birthday of the German Army."

That might seem an exaggeration. After all, in every German city of any consequence there are still more ruins than there are new buildings. And Germany is still divided, bitterly so. Nor are the Germans permitted any heavy weapons, any airplanes, any warships, any tanks, any arms industries, or indeed any of the thousand and one prerequisites for building up armed strength. A steel helmet and a carbine, one might say, don't yet make up a *Wehrmacht.* But such arguments do not do justice to the strength of an idea.

How almighty powerful and overriding an idea may be comes clear, with terrible clarity, in this chronicle of the resurgence of German militarism after the defeat of World War I. General Taylor, with an unusual grasp of the human drives which make the facts of history, has well understood that constantly self-justifying state of the German mind, which sees defeat only as the springboard to another, greater effort, which can view the ruins only as a challenge to rebuild again to greater glory, which can rationalize intrigue, subterfuge, violations of agreements, and even wholesale murder as necessary means

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Percy Knauth, correspondent in Berlin from 1937 to 1941, is an editor of Life *and the author of "Germany in Defeat."*

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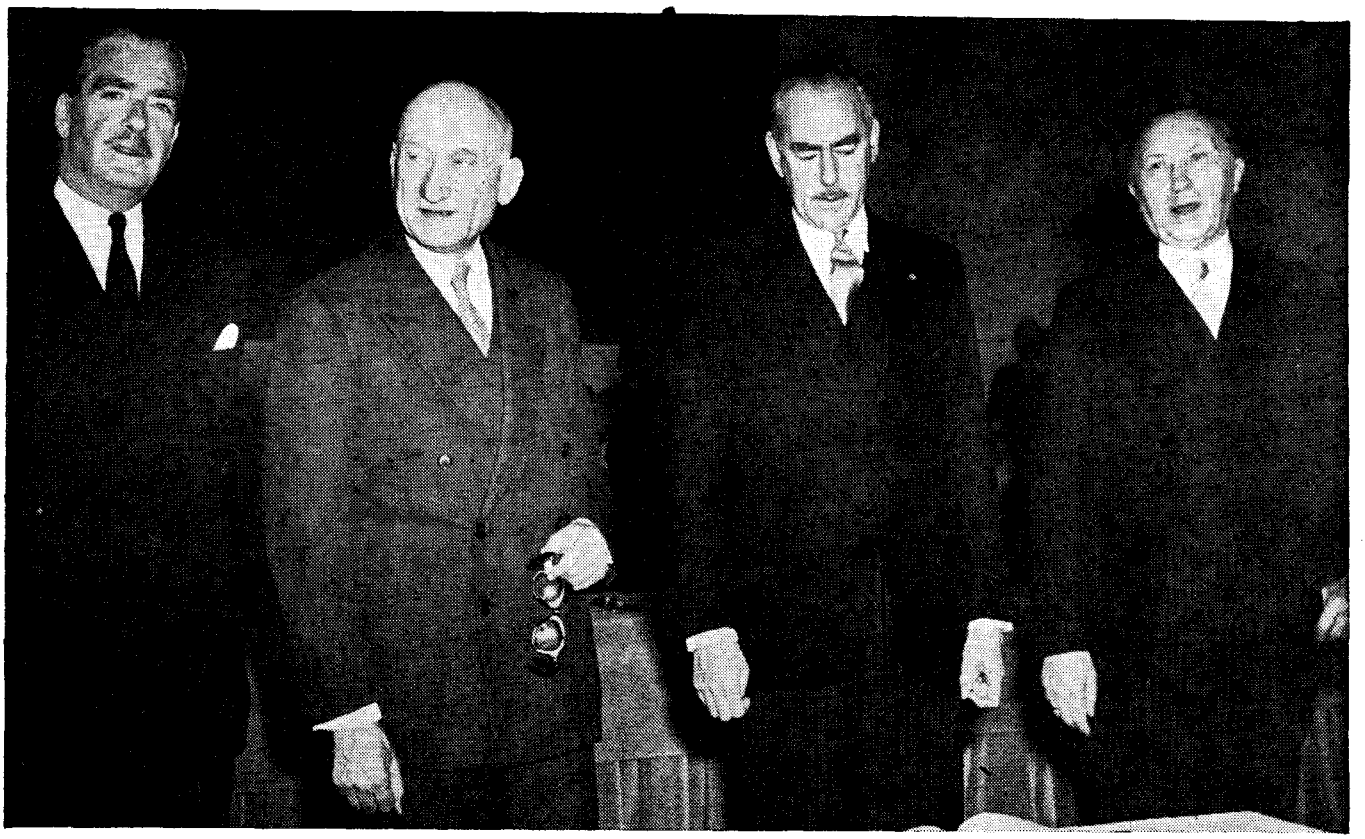
to attain a desired—and sincerely advocated—end. Throughout this history, at every turn of its astonishing events, the idea is steadfastly maintained: that German military power must be reconstituted and maintained because it is the core of the German nation.

This was, and is, an article of faith in Germany. It did not die in 1918, when the world had reason to believe, after the flight of the Kaiser and the surrender at Compiègne, that militarism was dead in Germany. *Generaloberst* Hans von Seeckt, who took over the heritage of Frederick the Great, Moltke, and Schlieffen after the World War I debacle, was driven by this faith, and he and his fellow-officers without difficulty found support for it among the civilian leaders of the Weimar Republic. In material terms, Seeckt had a little more to work with in rebuilding Germany's armed strength than has the military architect of today, whoever among the many waiting candidates he may turn out to be—but not much more. As General Taylor's book reminds us, the *Reichswehr*, the "Hundred-Thousand-Man Army," was little more than a police force, without a general staff, without a military academy, without tanks, airplanes, or heavy weapons, without a navy, without an arms industry save for a few small-arms plants policed by the Allies. And yet, within a decade and a half, Germany faced the world again as a major military power; five years later she had terrified the world with an onslaught which threatened to make her world-dominant, and it took six years of killing effort by the combined major powers of the world together with their lesser allies to bring her to her knees.

How such an extraordinary resurgence could be engineered, at first in total secrecy, makes under any circumstances for a fascinating story. General Taylor, who as military prosecutor at the international tribunal in Nuremberg had full access to the kind of documentation which is almost unique in history, has given it enormous vitality by his richness of detail and his extensive quotations from the records, written or verbal, handed over by some of the major participants. His story moves along effortlessly under its own power and it has, perforce, many of the qualities of a first-rate thriller in the field of international intrigue. What fictional character, for example, could match for sheer, cold-blooded, ruthless calculation the figure of Seeckt who, seventeen years before Hitler marched into Poland, named and marked down that country as the future victim of German-Russian aggression? "Poland must and will go," he wrote in 1922, "—as a result of her own internal weakness and of action by Russia—with our aid." Seeckt did not live to see his prophecy fulfilled; he fell from power, a victim to the intrigues and ambitions of men more clever at political maneuvering than he, but his idea survived unchanged through all the changes in the stormy times which followed. And not only was Poland destroyed but, as General Taylor documents from secret German files, she was destroyed with guns and tanks whose first development was undertaken in the early Twenties when Seeckt was still in power.

We know now that this was the case; this book tells all the details of that clandestine rearmament. None of it would have been possible without the cooperation of the German civilian authorities. How could they, founders of a government dedicated to the slogan "Never Again War," condone this? The truth is that few Germans, then or now, have renounced the Army as "the rock upon which the State is built" (Groener's words, the man who organized the *Reichswehr*) "the guardian of the State" (Hindenburg), or "that old National Army on which we all depended . . . The embodiment of the old Prussian ideal of the State" (Stresemann, the trusted and pacific statesman of the postwar years). Nor, unfortunately, have the Germans found much cause to do so in this postwar world.

Side by side with this story of the German Army's secret rise to power



—United Press Photo.

Eden, Schuman, Acheson, and Adenauer—"the German mind, which sees defeat only as the springboard to another, greater effort."

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is the no less fascinating tale of how the officers' corps sold its honor and its soul to Adolf Hitler. Here are plots and intrigues on the highest levels of army and government, the maneuverings of ruthless men who stopped at nothing to gain their personal or political ends. Throughout this tense and silent struggle, the generals, limited by their narrow-minded and archaic traditionalism, were constantly outwitted and outmaneuvered by the far cleverer political infighting of the Nazis. This is scarcely surprising; what does surprise, however, was the manner in which they rationalized each fateful crisis as another step toward their own ends. Thus, from plot to purge to massacre, they fell under Hitler's fateful sway until it was far too late for *Generaloberst* Ludwig Beck, the most visionary of the generals and leader of the 1944 plot on Hitler's life, to write in 1938: "History will indict the highest leaders of the *Wehrmacht* with blood-guilt if they do not act in accordance with expert and statesmanlike knowledge and conscience. Their duty of soldierly obedience finds its limits when their knowledge, conscience, and responsibility forbids the execution of an order."

It was too late. The record of the years, as compiled here by General Taylor, shows that the Army never was the last outpost of decency, the final court of hope and reason which many thought it was in Hitler's Germany. It never could have been; the German military mind simply does not work in a manner to justify such an illusion.

Much of General Taylor's material is published for the first time. It and other records show how the officers' corps, those stiff-necked exponents of Prussian honor, allowed themselves to be seduced down a dark and bloody road whose bottommost depth—in this reader's opinion—was reached in Poland in 1939, when General Halder noted the Gestapo's plans for "housecleaning" in that unhappy land. Halder, then Chief of Staff, knew what the euphemism implied, as his memo shows. His "opposition" to it was the stipulation that "'housecleaning' be deferred until the Army has withdrawn and the country turned over to civilian administration." In other words, he didn't want to watch it.

General Taylor's chronicle ends here. It is, as he believes, a logical point to end it—the aim outlined by Seeckt and pursued by the generals and Hitler, the destruction of Poland, has been achieved. The record is written; the author leaves it for the reader to be the judge. In summing up, he asks the question: "Are military men absolutely bound to follow the orders of *whatever* political regime holds sway, even though it be patently a bloody tyranny, bent on conquest? Are they mere janitors of the military machine, with no responsibility for the use to which it is put? Are they, in short, political eunuchs, deprived of the capacity of moral judgment on their own behalf?"

The trials at Nuremberg were undertaken to answer that question. It is a grim fact of our international dilemma now that, in the German mind, they failed to do so. Overshadowing the question left by General Taylor, who has throughout his narrative submerged his personal passions for the more forceful presentation of a factual case, looms the issue which makes this book so enormously important for our times: in dire emergency, the Allied Powers barely a decade ago made common cause with Beelzebub to bring the devil to his knees. The choice was terrible; its consequences have been fearful. Is it the course of wisdom now to call the devil back to life to combat Beelzebub?

—*Scott Long in* The Minneapolis Tribune.
"The Eagle and the Vulture."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 975)

COFFIN:
NEW POETRY OF NEW ENGLAND
(Series of lectures given at Johns Hopkins University)

Grief may have thought it was grief;
Care may have thought it was care;
They were welcome to their belief,
The over-important pair!
But neither was the thief
Of his raven color of hair.

This is a great poem for an older man to write.

Metropolis of War

THE BERLIN STORY. By Curt Riess. New York: Dial Press. 368 pp. $3.75.

By ALLAN JACKSON

"AND as to the Berlin story—when will it end? . . . It goes on and on and on."

Curt Riess has undertaken no small task in attempting to tell "the Berlin Story" for it is not one, but many stories, some of them among the most important of our time. There is the story of a ruined city and a beaten people who will not completely admit that they brought about their own destruction; it is a "tale of two cities"—East Berlin, held down by the burden of Communist oppression; West Berlin, propped up by the hope, determination (and dollars) of democracy. There's the hunger-inspired immorality, the awe-inspiring airlift that did as much as any other one thing to lift up the hearts and bolster the courage of all West Europeans. There is, above all, the unique political experiment of Berlin—the Western "oasis" 120 miles inside the desert of the Iron Curtain.

Some will want more facts and fewer apocryphal tales to convey the "atmosphere" of the story. There is the great contrast in the postwar recovery of East and West Berlin that might be more fully detailed. And the historic airlift, it would seem, is deserving of far more description than is available in "The Berlin Story"—without the airlift the West could not have remained in Berlin; to have pulled out of Berlin under pressure of the Russian blockade would have meant, in short order, giving up all of West Europe as well. (There is a deadly parallel in the significance of our stand in Berlin and our stand in Korea.)

But, then, this is Curt Riess's book and he has done, all in all, a good job of reporting a difficult subject, seven significant postwar years that have seen Germans turned from enemies to comrades-in-arms in the over-all struggle between East and West. (Current plans call for twelve German divisions, fully equipped and trained, to be in the field as part of the West's Joint Defense Force in little more than a year.)

Riess knows well the Berliners about whom he writes; he used to be

Allan Jackson, who covered Berlin during the airlift period for the Columbia Broadcasting System, is now a news commentator for that network.

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one. He spent his youth there, went to school there. Berlin was his home—until Hitler came to power—and, in a way, much of his book is a homecoming, a return to a city he once loved but which had changed drastically in the intervening years. Now an American citizen, Riess is an experienced reporter, a professional journalist who has observed, recorded, and reported the uneasy tides of history in many countries. He writes easily, with a reporter's knack for putting things down in chronological order. It may have been this orderly neatness that led him to devote an undue amount of space to the Berlin of the immediate postwar years at some expense to the Berlin we must reckon with today. However, he was setting a scene—and he set it well.

The characters of the play are all there—Clay and Howley, Kotikov and Sokolovsky, Reuter and Frau Schroeder, Pieck and Grotewohl, and the rest. There's the dismal story of Gerhart Eisler, the Communist bail-jumper who fled these shores to become a Party functionary in East Germany and whose Party stature and power have dwindled steadily ever since.

Primarily, "The Berlin Story" is the political drama of today. East and West meet on the same grounds and in open (verbal) conflict. Its importance cannot be overemphasized for, to paraphrase one of our political adages, it is safe to say that "as Berlin goes—so goes Vienna, Trieste, Western Europe—and the Cold War."

Curt Riess does not predict the outcome of "The Berlin Story." Who can? Berlin's future will be decided by the outcome of the Cold War itself, for, in miniature, Berlin *is* the Cold War and "The Berlin Story" an interesting account of the many problems involved.

"Bubble, Bubble, Toil & Trouble"

THE DEVIL'S CHEMISTS. By Josiah E. DuBois, Jr. Boston: The Beacon Press. 374 pp. $3.75.

By Delbert Clark

THE WAR crimes trial of the top executives of that huge politico-industrial complex, I. G. Farbenindustrie, turned out to be an experiment in adult education. Were Americans, and particularly American judges, capable of discerning any important connection between politics and economics?

The administration of U. S. Military Government in Germany had appeared to see no connection, although in the light of later developments it might be said that they understood all too well. But here, at Nuremberg, were four judges, brought over for the purpose of trying the Farben case, who had had no business or administrative association with Germany. Would they comprehend what seemed obvious to the point of exhibitionism—that cartelized German industry dominated Government policy, that an industrialist could be as guilty of war crimes as the politician through whose lips he spoke, or the general who did the messy work?

There was determined opposition to the trial from the moment it was first proposed. Senator Taft inveighed against what he termed trying the losers because they had lost; Congressman Dondero found an easy explanation in the suggestion that the Nuremberg staff was composed of Communists, fellow-travelers, or damned fools; Military Government, while outwardly cooperative, was vigorously hostile at an influential level just below General Clay.

It was a strange paradox that of all the powers united against Hitler only one—the United States—appeared to care enough about implementing international law by judicial precedent to go through with any of the "international" trials after the first, although several did try war criminals in their own zones. It was an even stranger paradox that despite this ostensible interest on the part of the United States, the little group of history-makers on General Telford Taylor's staff at Nuremberg occupied a tiny, storm-swept island in the midst of a vast and angry business-as-usual sea.

Perhaps it was reflective of this purposeful hostility in some quarters, of ignorant incomprehension in others, that after the trial of Goering and his unlovely colleagues the level of intellect and experience of the judges as a whole fell almost to zero. Few of them had any genuine understanding of the historic role they were playing, or sufficient professional background to enable them to play the role with intelligence and dignity. So the series of trials which were to put teeth in international law just petered out; the little world at Nuremberg ended "not with a bang but a whimper."

In the Farben trial the presiding judge was Curtis Grover Shake of Vincennes, Ind., who had served one elective term on the State Supreme Court. His associates were Paul M. Hebert of Baton Rouge, La., dean of the Law School of Louisiana State University; James Morris of Bismarck, N. D., veteran of two elective terms on the Supreme Court of that state; and Clarence F. Merrell, a practising attorney of Indianapolis, alternate.

It was Judge Morris who was unable to see the difference between Farben on the one hand and DuPont or General Motors on the other; who persistently characterized a criminal trial as "this lawsuit," and who chided the prosecution for bringing in evidence as of 1937, "before there were any acts of aggression." It was Judge Shake who ruled out all the damaging pre-trial depositions of George von Schnitzler, chairman of the Com-

(*Continued on page 38*)

—Acme.

Germans watching the air-lift—"unique political experiment."

Delbert Clark, former German correspondent for The New York Times, *is the author of "Again the Goose Step."*

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Death of the Hero

ONE of the major reasons for the decline of public interest in contemporary fiction not designed to fit into the pattern of mass circulation is the disappearance of the hero. Every reviewer finds himself in a dilemma when he attempts to describe the central character of a novel as the hero, and the awkward word protagonist now in common use is equally dangerous. The reader may ask, "Protagonist of what?"—the conceptions of the author, the state of modern society, or of some half-baked psychoanalytical interpretation of behavior?

The hero need not be a Ulysses returning homeward from the battlefield, the leader of a cause, or a man who after his tribulations turns toward God. He may be the "little man" who personifies the struggles, the defeats, and the minor triumphs of countless others like him. In this sense Sinclair Lewis's Babbitt was a hero, and his discovery of the inanity of his existence was the same discovery that millions of presumably successful Americans made in their journey through life. The hero can be a man in whom a reader can identify himself in moments of self-revelation, or of whom he can say fearfully, "There but for the grace of God go I." The always popular success story is founded on a hero who may have emerged from poverty or tribulations of the soul, but he must reflect the hopes of millions who in their moments of despair wonder whether life without success is worth enduring.

The historical novel destined for success must represent not the hopes but the dreams of men. It cannot exist without the hero who triumphs over his enemies in war or who finds his haven in the arms of the intoxicating woman for whom he has been contending. Its protagonist need not be a warrior or a man of action but someone who achieves success in a past century, which always appears to the modern reader to be more exciting or rewarding than our mechanized age. The popularity of the Victorian family novel is founded in part on the desire for tranquility and on a nostalgic conception of the dominating male living in a mansion and surrounded by obedient women and docile children. The hero may be a composite and symbolic figure, unrecognizable as an individual. James Joyce's "Ulysses," that monument of obsessive learning, of layer upon layer of symbolic parallels, presented the symbolic hero on a gigantic canvas, as his H. C. Earwicker of "Finnegans Wake," that incomprehensible work of misdirected genius, was a symbol of the universal subconscious memory of mankind.

The hero may be cast in any form, from the bronze statue of the victorious and triumphant male to the symbolic figure of man formed by the modern artist out of what appears to be a tangle of barbed wire. But for the sake of the future of the novel he must exist. In his essay "The Hero in Crisis," Corrado Alvaro, one of the foremost Italian writers, says, "The hero of the contemporary novel is a man risen from his own ashes, and the very relationship between literature and a mechanical form such as the cinema, between serious writing and popular fiction, lies in the elements of this rebirth. The hero of the novel has already suffered a process of disintegration; it was no longer he who shaped reality but reality which shaped him." His theory is that in the past century there were accepted and traditional values of a moral, religious nature in which the novel existed and that it had its deepest roots in the soil of the European nations which had been enriched by the Renaissance and by religious and political revolution.

THE revolution which the world is now suffering from is anarchic rather than moral, religious, or political. It is as if all natural boundaries had been swept away. No man is a hero when he is walking lost and solitary into a dense fog, in a desert or wilderness of unknown extent, or drifting alone and without a compass in the midst of the ocean. Too many of our younger novelists seem to be seized with this terror of loneliness in a world without landmarks for the fixing of a familiar coast; and if they do sight land, it invariably proves to be a mirage that vanishes before their eyes. Often modern writers illustrate their isolation by the self-imposed loneliness of their own lives. It is significant that Greenwich Vil-

House on the Hill

By Charmian Lynn Montross

HOW could they know, who drank their tea and talked
Of little things and did not weigh their size,
Who played ingenious games, who laughed and walked
The fragrant well-kept gardens, who were wise
And proud, bemused and comfortable, who planned
Their children's heritage with love and care,
Willing the sunlit rooms, the fruitful land
To those who would follow in their footsteps there?
Who were as mere to time as snowflakes falling
Upon the winter hill—how could they know
What circumstance of life, swift and appalling,
Might see them gather up their creeds and go?
Their voices echo yet, warm and together
In the empty house surrounded by the weather.

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lage no longer exists as a place where writers can live together and exchange ideas.

The anarchy in their novels, the fear, the hopelessness, the sense that nothing is worth striving for including the future of mankind forbids the creation of a hero, even as a symbol. The tragic protagonists of Franz Kafka's two novels "The Castle" and "The Trial" have in more than one sense destroyed the genius and the value of the creative work of many talented writers. The characters they present are not recognizable as human beings with blood in their veins and minds capable of independent will. They are, like the figments of Sartre's imagination, not heroes, but victims. The reader may ask, "Victims of what?" Fear, perhaps; but it is not characteristic of human beings to live in constant terror, and it is possible to become inured to it, as one awakens trembling and sweating from a nightmare. Despair at the political crisis into which the world has fallen? Their novels cannot alter the fate of mankind or destroy the hope of normal men. To say that these writers are contributing nothing of value is false; they are establishing a state of mind, a private world of shrinking and fearful human beings from which a creative artist must inevitably revolt. The hero will return again; his shadow is now approaching over the horizon.

—H. S.

Benedetto Croce

IN this year of grace three of the great names of the recent philosophical past have vanished from the scene, John Dewey, George Santayana, and now Benedetto Croce.

Croce had in his long life of nearly ninety years several regions of reputation. He was perhaps better known in Europe than in America. He was not a great writer, certainly not in English translation (nor in the original), and his apparatus was cumbersome metaphysics modified from Hegel, from whom he had inherited it. His philosophical system is almost unknown in this country and relatively little studied even in the universities, with the exception of his "Aesthetic," which work was one of a three-volume general system in philosophy. Even the vogue of that book has receded from its great fashionableness a generation ago.

Croce was a good Italian and a good European and a good man of the world. Perhaps he is most widely known to a large public for the determined stand he took against Fascism through the long ordeal that liberal spirits suffered in Italy. He was too impressive and distinguished a figure to touch, so the Fascists left him alone, even though some hoodlums—perhaps instigated—tried to sack his library in Naples. Though it is a question what of Croce will survive (how is one to know what of any great man survives?), the legend of his stand for freedom and the human spirit will last, partly because it is truth and not legend.

The notions which underlie his esthetic will live, too, that a work of art is living and lyric and that no amount of "scientific" or "historical" or "social" analysis can explain it away. It is debatable how much of his "system of philosophy" will endure. But his reflections on history particularly and on esthetics will survive. He will remain, too, as one of the great group of liberal spirits, those liberals incidentally committed *not* to a philosophy of science but to that of Spirit. Bergson, Dewey, Santayana, Whitehead, William James are gone now. These lights have gone out, and no such brilliant ones are as yet shining. Croce will continue to shine, most of all, perhaps, as a great champion of liberty in a world where liberty is not only threatened but even in some major intellectual quarters regarded as a dubious or expendable value. Croce knew better.

—Irwin Edman.

Mistress D.C.'s Farewell

THOSE who turn to the Double-Crostic this week will notice that a familiar name is missing, that of Elizabeth S. Kingsley as author. Mrs. Kingsley began her weekly series of puzzles on March 31, 1934, and has been at it ever since. Last week she reached No. 975. Due to increasing ill health Mrs. Kingsley has wisely decided to face the rigors of a weekly deadline no longer. We hope, however, that she will continue to furnish us with one of her inimitable Double-Crostics from time to time. Mrs. Kingsley has designated as her successor Doris Nash Wortman, an associate and collaborator of many years' standing who is already well known as an author of Kingsley Double-Crostics. We know that under Mrs. Wortman's direction the Double-Crostics will continue to be as infuriatingly formidable as ever.

—The Editors.

Flying-Saucer Hoax

TWO years ago *SR* published a debunking prod at a piece of science-fiction masquerading as fact, the book by Frank Scully called "Behind the Flying Saucers." In the course of our review [*SR* Sept. 23, 1950] we questioned the reliability of Mr. Scully's two main witnesses on the subject of interplanetary travel: Silas M. Newton, described in the book as "one of the great geophysicists of the oil industry," and another supposedly eminent geophysicist who was identified mysteriously as "Dr. Gee." The latter individual has now been revealed as Leo A. GeBauer.

In Denver recently, both Mr. Newton and Mr. GeBauer were charged by the District Attorney with operating a $50,000 confidence-game swindle involving oil well exploration tests with electronic "doodlebugs." One of these devices was represented as costing $800,000; actually, it was a war surplus item worth less than four dollars. A nationwide hunt for the two men is now in progress. District Attorney Bert M. Keating said that Frank Scully may be called to Denver as a witness.

The District Attorney's office was assisted by J. P. Cahn, a San Francisco newspaperman who has been investigating Newton and GeBauer for more than a year. Mr. Cahn had obtained a piece of "flying saucer metal" from Newton—a metal described in Scully's book as "resembling aluminum but so hard no application of heat could break it down." In tests at Stanford University this metal was found to be a type of aluminum used to make pots and pans; it melted at 657 degrees Fahrenheit.

Herman A. Flader, an industrialist from Denver, has been identified as the victim of the $50,000 swindle. Checking through our subscription files of September 1950—on the theory that a man forewarned is a man forearmed—we note that Mr. Flader's name was not among those present.

—R. G.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Colossal Conceit

▶ I DO NOT KNOW when I have ever enjoyed any writing upon any subject as I did Ben Burman's "The Cult of Unintelligibility" [*SR* Nov. 1]. The colossal conceit which could believe that any intelligent person would take up his or her time in trying to unravel the silly tangle of letters that in some instances run entirely across the page and make them into anything except what they are—an obscene fluttering of the lips—is past my comprehension. If Joyce had had anything to say that was worth hearing or reading it stands to reason that he would have put it in readable form. The fact that he did not do so is to my mind proof positive that he realized his lack, and sought to cover it up with a deceptive disguise. He showed himself smart in one way, though: he remembered that fools are still being born every minute, and he played up to that crowd by pretending that there was something cryptic or esoteric in his untidy, unintelligible farrago of letters.

MRS. BURNEY SHEFFIELD COVINGTON.

Moultrie, Ga.

Trifle Mad

▶ I HAVE NO OBJECTION to my friends enjoying the recreation of poring over the text of "Finnegans Wake," but I wish they'd recognize that it is of the same intellectual value as the working of crossword puzzles.

Extracts from Joyce and Stein are illuminating. If you can get a copy of the transcript of the ravings of the dying and delirious Legs Diamond, taken stenographically, and published in the papers after his decease, you'll see something very like Joyce. A keen ear and eye will find a slight difference—there is always a direct procedure from one concept to another in the charlatans, for they first thought out their nonsense in plain English. Mind—I think Joyce was a trifle mad, but only a trifle. . . .

THOMAS MABBOTT.

New York, N. Y.

Blushing Culture

▶ I AM SHOCKED and a little horrified at your publication of "The Cult of Unintelligibility." Have you fallen to the level of mediocrity? I cannot help but write you in defense of tomorrow; that is, if we have one. For certainly if men like Mr. Burman go on delivering this limited thought to a limited people we will never advance beyond the grave where we allowed ourselves to be buried alive.

Let us be proud of those early Twenties and mourn the lack of that same vitality and boisterous energy. It takes guts and it takes courage, even more it takes a certain spiritual enlightenment, to rise above the mass which men like Burman call normal. How far has normalcy made us progress out of a Midwest pastel sort of world? If this literary exploration is done by lunatics, then lunacy certainly enriches the culture of any generation. America is quick to lose its genius rather than capture it with human understanding. If little men are allowed to continue to slaughter bigger men with ignorance, then certainly our country will end up disemboweled in the monstrous reality of a degraded comic-book age.

W. EDWIN VER BECKE.

San Francisco, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I'm sorry, but I can't permit this play to go on unless you show more clearly that Lady Macbeth is punished for her part in the crime."

Wave of the Future

▶ IT IS ENCOURAGING to read sense in the analysis of the Stein-Joyce nonsense. I hope a new trend has begun for the good of all.

IDA E. SETTER.

Cattaraugus, N. Y.

Art Take Heed

▶ THE ART MAGAZINES and the painters could learn a great deal from articles such as Mr. Burman's. There are far too many art critics who "say what they think they should think," which is, of course, not thinking at all. I shall certainly keep Mr. Burman's article and pass it around.

LEONARD SCHEU.

Laguna Beach, Calif.

Ludicrous Distortion

▶ IT IS, I HOPE, obvious to any but the most casual reader that "The Cult of Unintelligibility" was a gross distortion of the facts. The methods were most unfair, often ludicrous. Neither Joyce nor Stein is given credit for possessing any integrity at all. A consideration of their early work would force anyone to rate them highly, both as craftsmen and as sincere artists. It seems logical to me to want to continue to follow their growth, to see just what they were attempting to do in their later writings. I intend to read Joyce's and Stein's later work and other such "difficult" authors. Some of their stuff may be weak, but what *is* valuable should not be overlooked so glibly.

VICTOR VECSEY.

Storrs, Conn.

Collaboration

▶ MARGUERITE CLARKE'S excellent review of "The Scalpel, The Sword" [*SR* Nov. 8] inadvertently may create a wrong impression regarding the collaboration between Sydney Gordon and myself. In her warm and favorable review, Miss Clarke mentioned that I knew Dr. Bethune intimately and that I described certain events which took place in Spain. . . .

There would have been no book without Sydney Gordon. Again I repeat—the major writing job, the place where Mr. Gordon made his most vital contribution was precisely in the writing. To suggest, then, that I was responsible for any chapters on my own suggests what is not so. I cannot close without thanking Miss Clarke for what was otherwise an excellent review.

TED ALLAN.

Mimico, Ontario

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Fiction. At last we have a chance to examine the two first fruits of what is certainly 1952's most significant experiment in publishing—the simultaneous issuance of new books in both cloth and paper bindings, a departure which it is hoped will enable authors to enjoy concurrently the prestige of bookstore distribution and the large royalties possible from newsstand sales. Al Hine discusses the significance of the experiment in reviewing Cameron Hawley's "Executive Suite" on page 34. Mr. Hine approves of the experiment, while cherishing some misgivings about Mr. Hawley's book, an attempt, like John P. Marquard's "Point of No Return" and Carl Jonas's "Jefferson Selleck," to appraise American business life through fiction. The second paperback entry is more successful, according to Nelson Algren, who describes Hal Ellson's "The Golden Spike" (page 35) as "the straightest story of dope addiction yet to be done up in a fictional package." The other novels reviewed this week, to contrast with these new samples, reveal standard craftsmanship in standard bindings.

Time & the Graduate

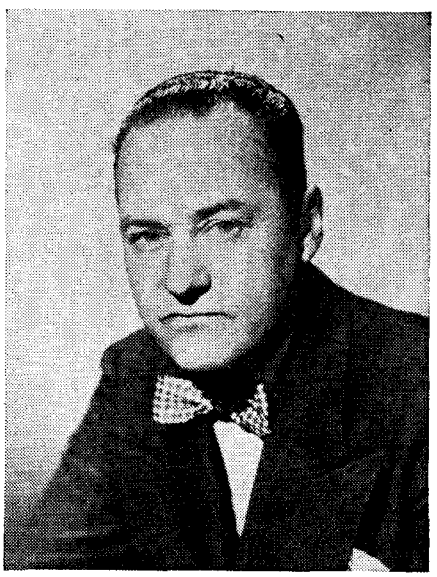
AUTUMN THUNDER. By Robert Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 334 *pp.* $3.50.

By Harrison Smith

As a theme for a novel, college or university life has failed for many years to interest writers or the public. Perhaps its pattern is too well known, so that what can be said about the undergraduate or his teachers has been reduced to a set of familiar clichés. It is also possible that the struggle for supremacy between technological and academic education has not been clarified to a point where it can be successfully presented in fiction. Nevertheless, for twenty or more years there has existed a subject that was obviously dramatic, since periodically it had reached the headlines of our newspapers: the increasing commercialization of college athletics throughout the country. Robert Wilder is not the only writer who has attempted to look into the system that produced winning basketball and football teams, but he is certainly one of a very few who has produced an acceptable and dramatic novel on this subject.

"Autumn Thunder" is the story of a lanky youth who grew up on a mountain farm and loved football. He was not aware that the coaches of many Midwestern colleges had their eyes on the scrub football team of Gaynor's Notch High School, though he had been picked as the best high-school player of the state and had had his picture in the local paper. He fell into the clutches of the alumni of the state university and was promptly taken away from his lonely father's farm. Apparently all he had to do was to play winning football, show up once a week at an automobile agency where he was handed a check for fifteen dollars, pay for his own food, and pass the majority of his examinations. The novel is about what happened to Larry Summers for the next twenty years.

Larry had no difficulty with football. In his second year he was the hero of the university; in his third his team won the crucial game in the Los Angeles Rose Bowl and he was listed as one of the greatest of All-American players. His major trouble was his struggle with his conscience, since he was fundamentally honest. He accepted his weekly stipend, the free tutors furnished by his fraternity, the gay parties, the delicate attempts of the dean's office to keep his marks over the border, and the expensive clothes offered by the town's best tailor. But he was increasingly uneasy about these honored customs, and his state of mind distressed his benefactors and even the tough and capable coach who had polished his remarkable talents until he was a lethal instrument on any football gridiron. When the young wife of the wealthy man who paid him for doing nothing seduced him, he revolted and took a job as a waiter in the college restaurant. Larry was at best a poor student, and in his third year he could not be happily married to the girl with whom he had fallen in love, play football, work for money, and pass enough examinations to satisfy the lenient dean.



Robert Wilder—"regimentation."

Twenty years later he was still there, a lost man and the college ghost. Larry was running the restaurant which had fallen into his hands, and he was haunting the vast stadium in and out of season. For years no one had asked him to sit on the bench with the players and coaches, and his old fraternity had assured him in no uncertain way that he was not wanted. It was embarrassing to have an old athlete around, even if he had made the All-American and had won the Rose Bowl for dear old Siwash. He had a belated affair with his wealthy seductress, who had left town after her husband died of heart failure at an awkward moment. One night Larry found her with a young athlete and was ejected from her house. It might have been the end of him, but there was still a hard core to his nature; and when his wife was brutally attacked the same night by three toughs, he came to his senses and went back to live with her on the old farm neglected since his father's death.

Today there are people who are predicting that in another twenty years the vast stadia that surround our football gridirons will be as desolate and empty as the Colosseum in Rome. If that is true, the fault will be not only the increasing and bewildering regimentation of a brutal business that was once a game and a sport, but also the spirit behind it. Larry's coach told him when he first met him that the athletic fields were not the glamour department of the university. "It is sweat and broken bones and kids beating their brains for a place on the squad," he said. "It is a business that carries all the other athletic activities. It is the gimmick that makes the alumni reach for their checkbooks or call their lawyers to insert a bequest in their wills." It is also a business, as Mr. Wilder has eloquently proved, that can destroy the lives and the morals of the boys who are hired and dragged into it by the promise of an education and free jobs.

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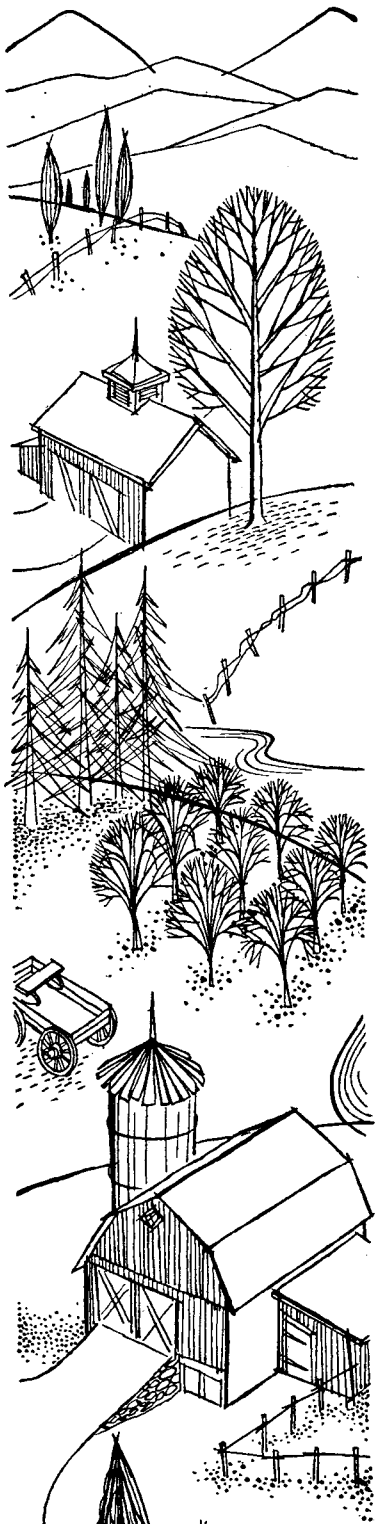


Madison Avenue Hotspur

EXECUTIVE SUITE. By Cameron Hawley. 346 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Clothbound, $3. New York: Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 35¢.

By Al Hine

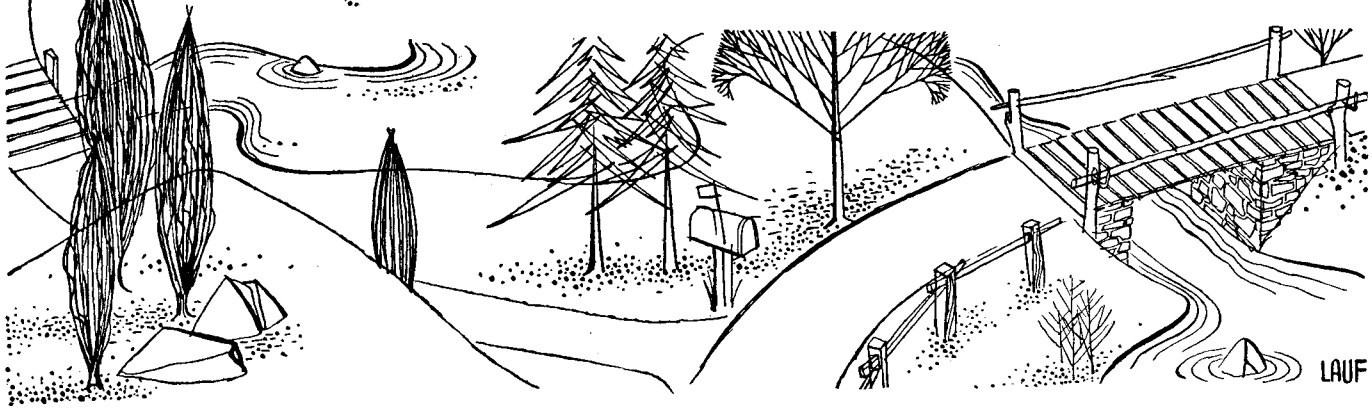
THIS is the first volume to appear under the egis of Ballantine Books, the latest and certainly the best publicized attempt to promote a marriage between hard covers and paperbacks. There have been numerous similar attempts in the past, but what makes this one significant is the fact that the wedding now seems to have a shotgun in the background.

The shotgun is the phenomenal financial success, first of paperback reprints (Ian Ballantine previously headed the Bantam Books firm), and then of paperback originals. It is by no means unheard of for the reprint sale to a paperback house to be an important factor in the acceptance of a book for hard-cover publication. Paperbacks sell regularly and profitably in the hundreds of thousands and actually make the best-seller lists compiled by the newspapers considerably less realistic than the Gallup Presidential Poll of 1948.

A soft-cover contract, reprint or original, can guarantee the writer at least several thousand dollars. With hard-cover book sales at their present state, this is several thousand dollars more than he can be sure of in prestige publication (unless he is a very well-established writer or a runaway best seller). Writers are economic animals just like plumbers and pastry cooks. Many of them are regretfully deciding that the prestige of hard-cover publication, even the certainty of winning serious reviews, is overbalanced by the higher rate of financial return in paperbacks. Publishers, too, are economic animals, and though many of them view soft-covers with aristocratic disdain, they would like to know how they can share a slice of this newly profitable pie without giving up the respectability of buckram and blind tooling. Ballantine Books, by going into business with the publisher, bringing out an original book in soft covers at the same time as the regular hard-cover edition, and sharing profits, offers one solution.

As a job of bookmaking, "Executive Suite" is a creditable entrant for the Ballantine imprint. The hard-cover volume by Houghton Mifflin is dignified and attractive; the thirty-five-cent paperback, a shade taller than its newsstand brothers, is typographically pleasant and comparatively sturdy. As a job of writing, "Executive Suite" is less commendable. It would have been pleasant to have seen the new venture launched with an outstanding novel, something that would call attention to the high standards and intentions of the dual printing scheme. But it didn't work out that way.

"Executive Suite" is a reasonably competent puzzle story: Who will succeed the fabulous Avery Bullard, suddenly felled by a heart attack, as president of the Tredway Corporation? Five company officials, a director, and a slick operator from "outside" contend for the job, and if you are in any doubt as to who will get it after page 75 you are dense indeed. Cameron Hawley knows the workings of business; he writes with intelligence and occasional obviousness. And none of his characters kindles the empathy which involves you in his problems. Regrettably, they are cardboard types in a conflict for power which seems as deliberate and contrived and as certain in outcome as a burlesque blackout, without the latter's gusto. It's difficult really to care who becomes president of the Tredway Corporation, and, because of this, it is difficult to keep up interest in Mr. Hawley's careful dissection of the types of men which keep a great corporation vitally alive.



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Spoon-fed Universe

THE GOLDEN SPIKE. By Hal Ellson. New York: Ballantine Books. 243 pp. $.35 and $1.50.

By Nelson Algren

"WHAT would you do if you were king of the world?" Chico asked and answered himself, "I'd have a whole closet full of H and I'd dive into it and snort and pop and main till I dropped, then crawl out and swallow the key."

"If I was king," Angel decided, "I'd get all the H in the world and pile it into a little room, then put a tube through the door and a spike and shoot it all up and get stoned to the fly."

"Suppose we really were," said Chico, "I'd smoke pot, shoot H and C, and get a broad and eat her alive."

"Yeah," Angel said, rising to his feet, "let's go to the movies."

The prairie-fire spread of narcoticism among adolescents in recent years has attracted the attention of numerous plyers of the fiction trade. Yet almost every page the plyers have published has been—sorry about this—pure junk. Sustaining this theme without sensationalizing it simply demands more dignity, it would appear, than your average plyer possesses.

The present work doesn't sensationalize a syllable. The result is the straightest story on addiction yet to be done up in a fiction package, and one considerably more authentic than most of what has been marketed, by TV and *Harper's*, as fact.

The daughters and sons of the American Puerto Rican community today, torn from tropical earth and unable to take root in tenement rubble, lost between the old world and the new, are readily victimized by the wide and easy accessibility of heroin; they are doubly lost and doubly victimized.

"We live like rats," sixteen-year-old Chico, overloaded as a cat, marvels, "and what for? What did we do? We're as good as anybody else . . . that guy who said Puerto Rican mothers were dirty, we dragged him around the corner and belted him . . . We don't do so hot but we still get our rice and beans."

And because he thought that only his own people were poor, Chico believed he hated them and wished to be someone else, to belong to the self-contained American world beyond his bedroom window. But to the world beyond that window Chico was a myth. He wasn't even alive. So Chico made a myth of the real world, and the world he learned to cook up in a spoon became, for him, the real one till all walls became non-existent:

". . . he walked right through them and assembled the jigsaw puzzle of life with a flick of his hand . . . all doubts fled, all questions answered, no fears existed . . . there was nothing he didn't know or couldn't conquer, but even a game of pool would have been too much for him . . . It wasn't merely a habit, but life itself, an end in itself. Everything revolved around it, the day's routine, thoughts, and dreams."

Dreams of the Puerto Rican ghetto, whose narrow walls so wondrously widened through two dollars' worth of bitter white dust into the immensity of the addict's isolation.

For this is the double-ghetto: the psychological isolation of addiction within the social isolation of second-class citizenry. Walls within walls wherein useless children live out their useless hopes, committing useless crimes ultimately visited by useless punishments. Useless suffering, useless hopes, useless dreams within dreams. In a world for which they have no use because it has no use for them. Surely this novel should jar that fat and bureaucratic complacency which continues to insist that the problem of addiction is primarily a police problem, thus conveniently abandoning the whole murderous mess to the softclothes philosophers of the FBI and all their tender mercies.

Although Hal Ellson cuts in pretty close to case-recording on occasion and hurries his case at its close, "The Golden Spike" remains a report of such singular honesty as to warrant it a place beside the same writer's earlier "Duke."

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Nan Carpenter of Missoula, Montana, has investigated the wills of sundry British and American men of letters and asks you to identify ten testators. Score ten points per will, on which basis sixty is passing (and a very creditable passing), seventy good, and eighty an automatic LL. D. Answers on page 59.

1. Famous for his pear orchard, he left $500 to be paid his hired man with thanks for his "many years of faithful interest in my affairs."
2. In a nuncupative will he left the marriage portion never paid him by his wife's father to the "unkind children" he had by her.
3. An enthusiastic lover of the outdoors, he bequeathed his collection of plants and Indian relics to the Society of Natural History at Boston.
4. In one of the most famous wills ever to be probated he included the provocative statement: "Item I gyve vnto my wief my second best bed with the furniture."
5. Upon asking his physician how much one should leave a favorite servant and being told that noblemen generally pensioned their servants fifty pounds a year, this man of letters said, "Then I shall be nobilissimus, for I mean to leave Frank seventy pounds a year." (He also left him his gold watch.)
6. Interested in social welfare as well as in art, in leaving his estate to his next of kin he earnestly requested them "to accord during thirty consecutive days in every year such permission to strangers to see the house and pictures as I have done in my lifetime."
7. "To him for whom the passing bell next tolls,
   I give my physick bookes; my written rowles
   Of Morall counsels, I to Bedlam give;
   My brazen medals, unto them which live
   In want of bread; to them which passe among
   All forrainers, mine English tongue."
8. Keen satirist of the manners of high society, he desired quite conventionally that the proceeds of his estate be divided among his wife, Mary, his daughters, Harriet and Sophia, and his sons, William and Allen.
9. Heavily fined for bribery and deprived of his position as Lord Chancellor, he bequeathed his name "to the next ages and to foreign nations."
10. Though famous for his waspish tongue, he graciously wrote: "I desire Mr. Lyttleton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me."

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"Whar's My Colt?"

THE COMANCHEROS. By Paul I. Wellman. New York: Doubleday & Company. 286 *pp.* $2.75.

By John William Rogers

IN permissible fashion, Paul Wellman's "The Comancheros" would seem to be an extra dividend created out of the work he did preparing to write his recent "The Iron Mistress." The earlier novel told of the life of James Bowie in New Orleans and in Texas until he died with the heroes of the Alamo in March 1836. The background for such novelized history required wide reading, and after "The Iron Mistress," apparently, was between the covers of a book, the author found himself with so much interesting unused material about frontier Texas life that he was inspired to make it into the background for a second story. At any rate, the scenes of "The Comancheros" are briefly New Orleans and then Texas in the year of 1843. The later volume, however, belongs far more to the fancy of the derring-do story teller than to that of the fictional historian.

In his "historical note" foreword, Wellman explains the factual setting of his tale and invites the reader to "consider the book as a novel, all the major persons in it with the exception of Sam Houston the product of the author's imagination, save for background and historical actualities, all adventures described herein purely fictional—although they *might* have happened just this way."

Wellman's hero, Paul Regret—a

—From "The Comancheros."

Gregory Peck-Errol Flynn sort of young man—is a New Orleans gambler and a crack shot. In a duel over a beautiful young singer at the New Orleans opera, he seriously wounds the son of a powerful local judge and is forced to flee without ceremony. Rather by chance than design, he finds himself on the stage coach bound for Texas. On reaching Washington-on-the-Brazos, to his consternation he discovers that the New Orleans judge has learned where he has fled and has demanded of President Houston the young duelist's return to the United States.

But Houston, impressed with the proofs of the young man's ability to handle a gun, gives him a choice of being returned to where he came from or of joining the Texas Rangers. Regret takes service in Texas and the rest of the book is given over to Regret's experiences as an early day Ranger. These culminate in a dangerous excursion to the Comanche country as a spy to gain information for Houston about the headquarters and ways of the "Comancheros"—renegade Mexicans and white men.

Before the tale is told, history is pretty well left behind for the kind of excitement usually found in the more pretentious of the western films made on location not too far from the outskirts of Hollywood. The author expertly mixes adventure in the classical formula of lurid melodrama with romantic trimmings. (The beautiful opera singer turns up in the most unexpected places.) He trusts that the rapid pace of events will hold the reader and hypnotize him into accepting all the wild if colorful improbabilities.

John William Rogers has written "The Lusty Texans of Dallas" and several plays.

Dark Bird

By Hannah Kahn

Once was the heart unfed,
raw to the touch,
out of that hunger I grew. . .
loving too much.

Now are the days fulfilled
and the night is still
but a dark bird cries
in the night
against my will.

How shall I speak of love
to whom love became
ritual and routine and rote.
and familiar name?

And even the bird has left
to build her a nest. . .
even the dark bird now
is bound, possessed.

A Long Decade Ago

THE RIVER GARDEN OF PURE REPOSE. By Grace M. Boynton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 274 *pp.* $3.50.

By Ann Wolfe

TAKE IT in any sense you will, the garden that is the real hero of this novel is out of this world. For three centuries a possession of the Szechuanese Wangs, its exquisitely landscaped acreage was now an oasis of peace in war-ravaged China. The surrounding countryside was thronged with undernourished, inflation-plagued refugees who had fled to Free China before the invading Japanese. The skies of Szechuan roared with B-29's from an American air base near the Snow Mountain foothills.

Even one night in the isolated serenity of the garden proved healing to the American refugee Jane Breasted. A Quaker who had long taught in Chinese mission schools, Jane had only a few months to live. Young Dr. Wang, her former pupil and now an officer in the Resistance Army, was sheltering the dying woman in his ancient family retreat. Except for her English nurse and two Wang servants, the only other resident of the vast garden was the venerable scholar-poet Master Yuan.

The English nurse was not the only one to receive the benediction of Jane's presence. To Jack Fernald, an American pilot on the verge of a breakdown, "the holy person," as the servants called Jane, restored the will to live. Stephen Purcell, wealthy Quaker and a conscientious objector, needed Jane's comfort and guidance in his problems. It was through Stephen that proud, wise Master Yuan was saved from starvation.

Stephen's main problem was the charmer Daisy Fairchild. This nuisance of a siren kept men by sixes and sevens, loving none of them. In the Garden of Pure Repose it was love at first sight for Jack Fernald and Daisy.

Among former students who sought Jane's help was Christianity-hating Willow, the Communist underground agent whose baby was born in the garden. Another was Benny. The young Eurasian's prosperity had the blessing of Japanese Intelligence, something Jane discovered when American Intelligence and Chinese police interrogated her. In the end, treacherous, tragic Benny demonstrated that Jane's blessing prevailed over that of the Japanese.

Around Jane—the modern mystic—love, death, birth, intrigue, and the

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brutalities of war wove a pattern incongruous to the centuries-old harmony of the garden. Yet, spiritually and physically, the remote paradise that was neighbor to Tibetan mountains resisted change—even when its gates swung back to welcome the burned and broken plane—crash victims. With rare grace and understanding, the author, a connoiseur of Chinese gardens, has subordinated plot to place. The plot is a reedy air delicately heard beyond the Water Mirror Pavilion, in the T'ing-Tse for Awaiting the Moon, the Joy of Bamboos, the Library of Four Delights.

Like Master Yuan, Miss Boynton, responding to the spirituality of a vanishing art form in which man and nature ideally commune, has written a poem. Hers is a prose poem important to our feral day, an elegy on China's dynastic gardens which, like the civilization enshrined in them, represent a noble past.

Fiction Notes

CHRISTMAS LEGEND: At this season of the year publishers like to bring out little fables which restate the principles of Christian faith and love in much the same way as Dickens did in "A Christmas Carol." Paul Horgan has written for this year **"One Red Rose for Christmas"** (Longmans Green, $1.75). It is the story of a miracle by which an orphan child brings comfort and deepened faith to the mother superior of an orphanage who had almost become one of too little faith. These are simple materials and in them, as always, there is the danger that truly felt sentiment will slip over the narrow line into sentimentality. Mr. Horgan hasn't quite avoided that danger. His prose occasionally acquires too artless an appearance and a number of the scenes—such as the closing one—take on the look of staged set pieces. The many who enjoyed "The Devil in the Desert" will however be able to overlook these flaws for the message Mr. Horgan has set down. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

DESIGNING LADIES: The world of Colette is a perennially fascinating one, populated exclusively by women and men intent on devouring each other in a battle of the sexes that has all the formal elegance of a court dance and all the ferocity of a jungle battle. You may have another glimpse into that world in the latest volume of three newly translated stories, titled **"Colette"** (Farrar, Straus & Young, $3.50). The first story, "Gigi," deals with the attempt to train Gigi in the ways of making out in the world of the demi-mondaine. Through the kind of twist for which Colette is famous, Gigi, of course, turns out to be much more capable than her worldly elders in finding herself a successful love. Julie de Carneilhan, the title figure in the second story, is less successful. Julie outwits herself through the very elaborateness of the intrigues with which she tries to keep her various lovers in line and to provide herself with some ready cash. Colette's third story is a slighter affair about the intrigues of a philandering husband. As always the style in all three is sprightly, full of sly malice, occasional flashes of brilliant insight, grace, and a decided aura of decadence. The translations ("Gigi" by Roger Senhouse, the others by Patrick Leigh Fermor) transmit the special flavor admirably though Mr. Fermor occasionally stumbles into awkwardness. —E. J. F.

PERENNIAL TROUBLES: Mazo de la Roche, who occasionally takes a vacation from her demanding family of Whiteoaks, has done so in her latest, a collection of nine short stories and a novelette which gives the title to her volume **"A Boy in the House"** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $3). They are mild-mannered pieces, centering gently around the theme that things are not always what they seem or, alternately, that things don't always work out the way you plan them. In the title piece, the most substantial and most nearly successful of the lot, a young author seeking quiet and seclusion to write in the home of two aged gentlewomen finds himself caught up in their bickering, under-the-surface animosity. He also gets his feelings engaged by a young boy who, brought from a home to aid the sisters, brings violence and death with him. Other of the stories deal with the troubles of the aged and lonely, the misunderstandings that keep people apart or bring them together, the little quirks of fate. The touch is mildly ironic, the writing cleanly effective. It is in the plotting that Miss de la Roche surprisingly breaks down. The stories are vague and inconclusive, petering off at the

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE NINE WRONG ANSWERS *John Dickson Carr* (Harper: $3.00)	Penniless Briton, footloose in N.Y., accepts London impersonation job for big dough, almost turns toes up.	Trick yarn, with footnotes to deflect reader from phony solutions; tale much too long.	On the fantastic side
THE SUNBURNED CORPSE *Adam Knight* (Crown: $2.50)	Skip Tracer Steve Conacher, Puerto Rico bound, encounters drips, cruds, hoods, throttled blonde.	Orthodox toughie, complete with heavy sex and bloody knuckles, plus fine arts, dope.	Not top-of-the-barrel
THE COURT OF LAST RESORT *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Cloane: $3.50)	Fact account of miscarriages of justice (West Coast, Midwest) investigated for *Argosy* by board of experts.	Fine presentation of research disclosing gimmicks in evidence; narratives absorbing.	Tops
AMBUSH FOR ANATOL *John Sherwood* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Nice British couple tangles with exchange racket; Blessington of Treasury wraps it up, with help.	Chase, lively all the way, takes in London, Paris, Riviera.	Wild and gay
SO RICH, SO LOVELY, AND SO DEAD *Harold Q. Masur* (S&S: $2.50)	Big biz agitated as N.Y. heiress topples; Atty. Scott Jordan scans plethora of husbands.	Moves briskly, but trail is cluttered with multiplicity of personnel.	Plus mark

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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end as if the author had started out to make a point but lost interest along the way. —E. J. F.

ESCAPE FROM THE MAIN LINE: Alicia, heroine of Livingston Biddle Jr.'s second novel, **"Debut"** (Messner, $3.75), almost gets trapped into a proper Main Line marriage with proper, wealthy, and rather stodgy Richard Blake. This is due to the scheming of her nasty mother, a witch who knows how to get what she wants and who wants nothing better than to shatter the proper surfaces of her Main Line world. How Alicia escaped from this fate and eventually landed in the arms of the sensitive and mature artist Nat Ritter is the burden of Mr. Biddle's tale. It requires World War II, an unhappy love affair with a sergeant in Italy, and some shattering exposures of mama's nastiness to accomplish this purpose; but all this is managed smoothly and with high readability. Mr. Biddle gives considerable psychological substance to his characters if he cannot quite make them seem important. He is at his best when he is revealing the mores of Main Line society and delicately dissecting the intrigues of Alicia's mother. For the rest he makes his heroine's problems seem —for the time of reading—engrossing enough to keep you reading. Afterward you may question what all the bother was about. —E. J. F.

SPORT SCANDAL: Football, politics, big business, and underworld gambling are all mixed up together by Francis Wallace in his latest novel, **"Front Man"** (Rinehart, $2.75), and it all comes out just as you might expect with Mr. Wallace stirring the ready-mix. Sure-fire ingredients include one handsome, high-principled former football glamour star turned into a handsome, high-principled glamour coach for the home team; one beautiful and very efficient secretary; and one even more beautiful but very volatile tycoon's daughter, sometimes called the Auburn Atom. Which gal will get handsome Johnny? Will the tycoon turn the clean-cut American sport into a crass commercial business? Or will the nasty gangsters knock off Johnny or his star player in time to defeat Johnny's home team? And who will be Queen of the Victory Ball? When not dealing with these momentous problems Mr. Wallace gets in some good, high-voltage descriptions of football games including some discussion of the relative merits of the T formation, the single-wing, and the double-wing. —E. J. F.

COLONIAL ROMANCE: The persecution which led some Huguenots to flee to America in the eighteenth century provides the background and some of the plot complications for Drayton Mayrant's **"Courage Is Not Given"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3). In flight her heroine, Feuille Joany, lands first among the silk-weavers of London, then later, having bopped a too importunate suitor, hies herself off to Charleston. There she is covenanted to Troyes Saint Lys and after the requisite number of misunderstandings and conflicts captures his heart and hand. In addition to the misunderstandings, Miss Mayrant has provided more than a requisite number of strange coincidences, guilty secrets, and withheld confidences. She even dares the old device of having her hero overhear the villain tauntingly admit all his malefactions to the trembling heroine, thus clearing up all the misunderstandings and setting the lovers on the high road to happiness. If such things don't bother you, you may find this diverting.

—E. J. F.

HOLLYWOOD GOTHIC: The characters in Curt Siodmak's **"Whomsoever I Shall Kiss"** (Crown: $3.) bear names like Royal Ludovici, Marcel LeRoux, and Alina LeRoux, and they move around from Los Angeles to Zurich to Italy and to France whenever the author needs a new backdrop of elegance. They also talk as elegantly as Hollywood characters, gaze into each other's eyes tensely, and tensely snap shut the lids of silver boxes whenever under stress. There's quite a lot of silly plot too.

You see, Alina is supposed to be dead only she isn't and that's not her right name. Royal knows this and is after her fortune which she doesn't know she has. But then he falls in love with her. But old Doctor LeRoux, who is really not her father or her uncle, is also in love with her in spite of the fact that he's slowly turning to stone before your eyes. I hope you've got that all straight. Because in addition to watching the author work that out, you'll have to consider whether Royal really is possessed of the evil eye, whether he really is trying to kill off Alina, or whether Doctor LeRoux fell or jumped from the speeding automobile into the deep gorge. Whew!

—E. J. F.

GERMANY

(*Continued from page* 29)

mercial Committee of the Board of Directors, on the ground that, being "disturbed," he could not possibly have meant all he said about his colleagues. And it was Shake and Morris who decided the case over the vehement dissent of Hebert and Merrell, freeing ten of twenty-three defendants, and distributing sentences averaging four years and four months among the other thirteen. This, then, was German "guilt."

Merrell, of course, had no formal part in the decision—he sat through the trial only in case one of the others got sick or dropped dead. Had this unfortunate accident occurred to either Shake or Morris, the verdicts and the sentences would have been far different. Perhaps Emerson wasn't entirely wrong when he aphorized that "the lengthened shadow of a man is history"!

All the defendants are now free by executive clemency and back at work producing better soaps, better detergents, better industrial chemicals, better explosives, better gases, particularly for the Russians. The mating call of totalitarian to totalitarian is a persuasive one.

Josiah E. DuBois Jr. was the prosecutor of the Farben defendants, and it is understandable that he was unhappy and still is. He has written a dramatic first-person chronicle of the conduct of the case, including depositions. Schnitzler, who scraped his knee while scrubbing floors in prison and hence according to his counsel was too emotionally upset to be a competent witness, had said: "For twelve years the Nazi foreign policy and the I. G. foreign policy were largely inseparable. I also conclude that I. G. was largely responsible for Hitler's foreign policy."

Two years ago James Stewart Martin, who was chief of the Decartelization Branch under General Clay, wrote under the title "All Honorable Men" a fascinating and horrifying document on cartels in general and Farben in particular. "The Devil's Chemists" is a worthy companion book. The two of them form an excellent nucleus for a library on the theory and practice of political science, authoritarian style.

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BERNARD SHAW

(*Continued from page* 23)

him to try his hand at play-writing. The first result, 'Widowers' Houses,' achieved two semi-private performances in 1892, and created a scandal which is now quite unintelligible. Similar performances in coterie theatres by Stage Clubs followed; and two great box office successes, one in America and the other in Germany, established him as a competent playwright."

I said that GBS had compared Shaw to Shakespeare and affected to regard the latter as inferior. Shaw deleted and wrote: ". . . it was GBS who headed the pages of the preface to his Caesar play 'Better than Shakespeare?' Few noticed the mark of interrogation. Shaw was crammed with Shakespeare from his childhood, and delighted in him; but he was determined to break down the conventional 'Bardolatry' of critics quite ignorant of their subject."

He had told the English harsh and bitter truths? No! Merely, "he attempted to cure the English of their dangerous self-conceit." And was the character of Britannus introduced in 'Caesar and Cleopatra' to endow him with all the prejudices of a too well-bred Englishman? No! The character had been used "to make English audiences laugh at themselves in his person."

The English chaplain in "Saint Joan" was cruel and naive, I said. Shaw struck this out and substituted: "childishly cruel and sincerely horrified at his own thoughtless work." And when I remarked that Shaw had told the English unpleasant truths, Shaw disagreed; they were merely "unwelcome truths."

I returned to my initial and ill-fated thesis, attempting to elaborate it by saying that a Parisian audience would not tolerate plays in which the chief comic element is a caricature of the French character, whereas English audiences, thanks to Shaw, had accepted being caricatured. Out with my thesis! Shaw wrote: "In Paris playgoers have lost the habit of tolerating plays like those of Molière and English audiences have reacquired this classic habit from Shaw's plays."

I wrote that Shaw used "sarcasms." Shaw preferred the word "boutades," explaining in red ink: "Sarcasm is not one of the weapons of comedy. It is too ill natured."

He allowed me to say that he presented serious ideas under a mask of the comical and outrageous. But he told me in red ink: "Outrageousness, repulsive to French taste, and perhaps to all good taste, is traditional in English art—in Shakespeare, in Fielding, in Dickens and in Hogarth and Gillray. A combination of wild caricature with exact and recognizable character drawing is a British speciality."

The next twenty pages were untouched; they were largely excerpts from his own writings to show him as an "anti-sentimentalist." But when I ventured to interpret his philosophy as expressed in "Back to Methuselah," Shaw once more disagreed. After furiously deleting line after line, he wrote: "And here we leave all real existence behind, to fall back into an extreme neo-Platonism and neo-Thomism. Shaw declares that intellect is a passion, and its satisfaction the most satisfying and permanent of all human enjoyments. He prophesies a development of this satisfaction into an ecstasy far transcending our carnal delights. The Ancients in 'Back to Methuselah' look forward to discarding their bodies as they have discarded their tails. Their heaven is one in which they will be bodiless vortices of Life Force. This is As Far As Thought Can Reach, which is too far for playgoers who still have more body than brains."

I returned once more to the contrast I found between Shaw and Molière, hazarding the opinion that Molière's voice is stronger, more direct, and more sustained, his scenes more workmanlike in construction than Shaw's. Here Shaw merely interpolated: ". . . though Shaw, who loves Molière, maintains that his technique is the same, and is in the ancient technique of the clown and ringmaster in the circus, slapstick and all.

Then, in red ink: "Molière ruined his Tartuffe by making him a vulgar scoundrel. On the contrary, he should have shown him as the best of spiritual directors. When a priest is a thorough knave, there is no problem: he is arrested by the police. It is when the confessor is worthy of his role that the conflict with the husband becomes difficult and interesting."

I had little more to say—only a peroration. Shaw let me deliver it without interference or assistance. And the essay, incorporating all of Shaw's interpolated text, appeared over my name.

JOEY & STELLA

(*Continued from page* 22)

tions as an amorist, and took pains in the midst of his wildest effusions to explain them to the women he courted by mail. To Ellen Terry he wrote, "It is not the small things that women miss in me, but the big things. My pockets are always full of the small change of love-making; but it is magic money, not real money. . . . I am fond of women (or one in a thousand, say); but I am in earnest about quite other things. To most women one man and one lifetime make a world. I require whole populations and historical epochs to engage my interests seriously . . . : love is only diversion and recreation to me."

In a similar vein Shaw warned Mrs. Pat, "Stella, Stella, Shut your ears tight against this blarneying Irish liar and actor. Read no more of his letters. He will fill his fountain pen with your heart's blood, and sell your most sacred emotions on the stage. He is a mass of imagination with no heart. He is a writing and talking machine that has worked for nearly forty years until its skill is devilish. . . . He cares for nothing really but his mission, as he calls it, and his work. He is treacherous as only an Irishman can be: he adores you with one eye and sees you with the other as a calculated utility. He has been recklessly trying to please you, to delight you, to persuade you to carry him up to heaven for a moment (he is trying to do it *now*); and when you have done it, he will run away and give it all to the mob. All his goods are in the shop window; and he'll steal *your* goods and put them there too."

THE Shaw-Terry correspondence was truly a paper love affair. The two of them avoided meeting each other for years, reveling meanwhile in the game, which both played superbly, of writing as if they were the closest of intimates. Shaw's letters to his "Ellenest Ellen" are lovely, gay, and seductive, yet behind their charade of love there lies a deep-seated conspiracy. Shaw the man was wooing Ellen Terry for Shaw the playwright. His hope and truest desire was to have her interest Henry Irving in his plays. When this plot failed, Shaw's objective changed. He sought to seduce Ellen away from Irving and the Lyceum and win her over to GBS and the "New Drama," a victory he finally achieved by writing "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" for her.

With Mrs. Pat the case was different. Shaw's approach to romance was, as

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usual, business. It was Shaw the playwright, trusting to persuade Mrs. Campbell to play Liza Doolittle, that exposed Shaw the man to Mrs. Pat's enchantments. Although their affair was as innocent as if they had never met, it was Stella's decision rather than Shaw's desire which kept it so. This sense of physical infatuation is no doubt responsible for both the eloquent ardor of Shaw's best letters to Mrs. Pat and the downright, if delectable, silliness of others.

A MAN of fifty-six, turned lover and sighing like a furnace, is bound to make a fool of himself. Shaw knew this (who doesn't when it's all over?), and ten years later described himself as having behaved like "an old idiot." Certainly, even as a Casanova of the inkstand, he was not at his best when he concluded one letter with "I shall go to bed quite calmly, and sign myself, oh loveliest doveliest babiest Your gabiest GBS." Nor was he when he tossed off such doggerel as

Who mashed Stella?
I, that rejoice
In a nice Irish voice
I mashed Stella

. . . . . .

Who kissed her toes?
Who d'you s'pose?
And also her nose?
I kissed her toes etc., etc.

No wonder Mrs. Pat's pet name for Shaw was Joey, the clown.

If Shaw, when writing to her, could descend to such foolishness, he could also rise, and did in letter after letter, to extraordinary altitudes of wit, insight, and eloquence. No cajolery could be more irresistible than his attempt (first published in "My Life and Some Letters") to forestall Mrs. Pat's possible resentment of his mentions of her in "Dramatic Opinions." No note of condolence could be more consoling in its unorthodoxy than Shaw's expression of outrage when her son was killed in World War I. No thwarted lover has stated his frustration in fierier, more fluent, or amusing terms than Shaw did when Mrs. Pat upset his well-made plans by stealing away from the seashore inn at which they were both staying. No grief-stricken son has tried, behind the mask of assumed gaiety, to hide his heartbreak more touchingly than GBS did in the letter in which he described his mother's cremation.

There are many other fine Shavian passages in the Shaw-Campbell correspondence. If GBS scolds, chides, sighs over, and pants for his "silly, silly Stella," his "ever blessedest darling," he also seeks to care for her and to protect her not only against the world but against herself. He gives her expert and much-needed advice on how to draw up a contract, whether theatrical or literary. He serves her as Dutch uncle and unpaid family solicitor at the same time that he supplies her gratis with some of the best criticism in the language on how to play Shakespeare or Shaw. At one moment he may be enraptured, at the next disenchanted. But at all times, even in the long and somewhat sordid last years of the correspondence, Shaw's incredible kindness of heart warms what would otherwise be his cold intellectualism or mere playacting as a Romeo.

When his letters to Ellen Terry were published, Shaw knew that it was Terry, the amateur, who often outwrote him, the professional. When it comes to employing the language, Mrs. Pat is no match for either Terry or Shaw. She is capable of excellent single phrases, such as her description of Sir James Barrie as "a little child whom the gods have whispered to"; or her insistence that "Ibsen's people's bones are so magnificent that even translations can't give them the rickets"; or her realization that Shaw had "a thrush in (his) throat." She is capable, too, of letters deeply moving because of the simplicity with which she could set a scene, convey her affection, or phrase her anger.

THE Mrs. Pat who emerges from these pages is a woman, fascinating and touched with magic, who must have been as hard to get along with as she was easy to admire. She was her own worst enemy as Shaw knew, as she knew, and as she could do nothing about. When she was young, beautiful, and triumphant, she could afford to be difficult. Her sharp tongue, her lack of discipline, her flagrant eccentricities were all thought to be beguiling. But as age overtook her, the very qualities which had added to her youthful glamour made it increasingly hard for her to find employment, and her fame and wealth steadily declined as Shaw's rose.

Mr. Dent quotes Woollcott's comparison of Mrs. Pat toward the end of her career to "a sinking ship that fired upon those that tried to rescue it." These self-destroying qualities come through in her final letters, written as they so often were under the pressure of need for money. To the end, and even after, Shaw helped her in many ways. One thing, however, he would not do. He would not permit Mrs. Pat to publish his letters regardless of the large sums of money then being offered her. He refused to have Charlotte hurt. Moreover, he had his own plans, plans which showed that he was still concerned with the welfare of Mrs. Campbell and her family. He wanted any proceeds from the publication to be used for the secondary education of Mrs. Pat's great-grandchildren. This is what is now being done, and all of us are the richer for it.

Do You Remember?

By Althea Bass

WE girls wore voile and swiss, with velvet sashes,
And our hair was done *à la Pompadour.*
Our beaux were in white flannel coats and trousers,
And we all sat together on the chintz-curtained porch—
Lucy and Anne and I, and Harry and Frank and Stanley.
The day was Sunday, of that I am sure,
For the tennis racquets lay untouched on the hall table
And no one so much as mentioned the Virginia Reel.
Harry read us "The Black Cat," and "The Raven."
And Lucy shivered and turned starry-eyed and pale,
But the boys looked big and brave and admirably manly
At the fate of the lovely, loved, and lost Lenore.
Frank tuned his guitar and we sang sad songs with glad voices—
"Whispering Hope" and "Old Black Joe" and "Old Kentucky Home"
And "Drink to Me Only" and "Juanita" and "Wher'ere You Roam"—
And we nibbled chocolate bonbons and sipped lemonade
Till a catbird twittered, "Late!" from the deepening shade,
And we walked the boys to the white front gate,
And the sun went down and the day was done.

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Broadway Postscript

KAFKA, MOLIERE & SOPHOCLES

"LE PROCÈS," André Gide's and Jean-Louis Barrault's play based on Kafka's "The Trial," is the most exciting evening of theatrical experimentation in these parts since ANTA's production of Bertholt Brecht's "Galileo" several years ago. Because Gide and Barrault had to know what they meant when they selected and embellished bits of the novel, they start with a disadvantage over the original author, who had only to sense a general truthfulness in the outpourings of his nightmarish imagination. The script is therefore more logical and less rich than the book. Left out, for instance, is the famous gatekeeper sequence, and only sketchily indicated are the intra-office antagonisms and petty jealousies which constitute the source of Joseph K's insecurity and anxiety. Also Felix Labisse's overcomplicated stage machinery tends to be too much for our stagehands or for the good of the play.

On the plus side, M. Barrault and his courageous company have managed to transform Kafka's intellectualized characters into stunning theatrical vignettes. Madeleine Renaud, as Leni, combines a langorous walk, a bored gesture, and a vulgar costume to give the impression of sluttishness without ever becoming personally involved. To cast a loose woman as a loose woman sometimes works in the theatre, but gracious ladies such as Madame Renaud, Margot Fonteyn, and Edith Evans can, in this kind of role, outdo by a thousand times the girls who merely play themselves. Jacques Dacqumine as Titorelli, Jean Dessailly as the law-court attendant, Pierre Bertin as the dignified uncle, and Jacques Galland as the chief clerk of the court head a long list of memorable short performances. Each member of the company, in fact, takes advantage of the opportunity to use techniques of slight exaggeration, so much so that the spectator's interest is apt to be drawn away from the matter of the play to the style of the actors. To an audience which will go along with these diversions for the delight they offer, and in appreciation of the company's objective of always enlarging its acting resources, this is fine. But if this were an American play on Broadway, theatregoers might demand a little less range in the performances, a little less of that part of the humor and content that does not directly advance the play's progress.

This brings us to M. Barrault's portrayal of the play's protagonist. Since the French star considers Joseph K "the cousin of Hamlet," his freedom of invention in this role foreshadows what we must expect in "Hamlet." Abandoning any efforts to be romantic or mysterious, M. Barrault brings humor, candor, and quite a bit of his mime technique into the part of the man who spends the evening trying to find out of what he is guilty (original sin?) and by whom he is accused (God?). Despite all his inquiry, he ends up by being done away with "comme un chien," with no further understanding of the nature of the identity or the motives of his executioners. The rest of the time the versatile actor spends demonstrating the absurdity of modern society where, as he puts it, "my passport is right, but there's always something about it that is not correct." He does this by affecting the walk of a man pushing his way through a morass, or by fashioning a ballet which satirizes the nonsensical tempo of a business office, or by placing himself in the center of a crowd of enveloping "Dybbuk"-like characters. To say it is not effective because it is not entirely new would be stupid. Obviously, it *is* effective to thousands who have not seen the roots from which these techniques sprouted. What can be said is that "Le Procès" is more the adventure of a company in established experimental techniques than it is an experiment itself, and more a sequence of exciting and imaginative bits than the total rendering of a masterpiece.

JUMPING out of Kafka and into Molière's court comedy "Amphitryon" is a bit like being covered with grime and then taking a scented bubble bath. Christian Bérard's eye-blinding costumes and lush décor join with Francis Poulenc's etherial music to set a tone for the piece which defies the audience to become more than casually interested in the story or the acting. Jean-Pierre Granval manages to be mortally comic as Sosie, the valet perplexed by his own double. Madeleine Renaud as Alcmène again offers us her civilized grace. Her almost sung reply to Jupiter's arguments ("Ah! toutes ces subtilitez n'ont que des excuses frivoles") is truly delicious. Nevertheless, this "Amphitryon" appeals mainly to the senses, and its chief value to Americans is as a beautiful

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demonstration of rare genre of theatre.

"Les Fourberies de Scapin," on the other hand, seems a kind of uproarious Punch and Judy show. Directed by the late Louis Jouvet, who refused to join the Comédie Française because he didn't want "to have to play Molière as if he were dead," and mounted in an extremely functional set of steps, platforms, and railings, which the late M. Bérard in his last words described as a set his little dog would like, the production offers the company an unlimited opportunity for clowning which they make the most of. M. Barrault, who seems a better actor when relieved of his directorial duties, climbs, slides, and swaggers his way through the action in just the right manner for a servant who prizes above all else in life the delights of pulling off a deception.

IF THE National Theatre of Greece could have sustained the tragic mood and hypnotic action of the first five minutes of Sophocles's "Electra," Broadway would have had a genuine masterpiece on its hands. As it was, those five minutes—in which the somber architecture of the palace is slowly revealed in the oncoming dawn, in which Dmitri Mitropoulos's rumbling and strong-beating music presages the dire events to come, in which Katina Paxinou uses her large frame as a magnificent instrument of vital classic gesture, and in which a chorus moves and recites on the crest of the musical impulses—all these things brew themselves into a stimulating theatre experience which could well serve as the impetus for an improvement in English-speaking productions of the great tragedies.

The remainder of the evening, unfortunately, never lived up to its beginnings. For those who did not understand modern Greek, the declamatory speeches of the principals became liabilities in proportion to their length. At the moment when Electra was told (falsely) of Orestes's death, Miss Paxinou uttered an appropriate shriek, which she immediately spoiled by a period of sobbing. Later, when she found Orestes alive, there was a sentimental reunion, which was the occasion for snuffles in the audience but was hardly the iron stuff of true tragedy.

"Electra" is probably a must for theatre students and for Greek-speaking people. I, for one, am immensely grateful for the opportunity of having seen this band of foreign performers acting in their own tradition. If they have not given us a whole evening of completely absorbing theatre, they have at least pointed a direction for all would-be tragedians.

—HENRY HEWES.

SR Goes to the Movies

SUFFER, LITTLE CHILDREN

—From "Forbidden Games."

George Poujouly and Brigette Fossey—"profound reaction to enormous tragedy."

SOME time ago this column had occasion to comment on the striking difference between most European films about children and those produced out Hollywood way. The main point was that European filmmakers seem to capture the child's psychology and interpret it for adults who may have forgotten, while our studios generally present us with saccharine little characters trained to behave the way adults like to think children should—with results often unflattering to both parties. "My Pal Gus" (20th Cent.-Fox) proves to be an exception to an all-too-general Hollywood rule. It brings up a subject rarely touched upon on the American screen, progressive education, and treats it with an intelligence and maturity that are even rarer. In fact, the first two-thirds of the Fay and Michael Kanin screenplay seem to defy all the rules of Hollywood dramaturgy. There is no conventional villain, almost no plot. "Based on a tantrum by the authors' son," is the way the Kanins are said to have explained their picture.

At any rate, they have centered their story on Gus, a six-year-old problem child, overprivileged, underloved. His father, a successful businessman, has been divorced longer than the boy can remember. Because no nurse will put up with his temper, Gus is finally placed in a progressive school. And even though things do not go smoothly from the first (they rarely do), the boy gradually begins to make an adjustment. The real problem, it soon develops, is not Gus at all but his father. He has no time for his son. One of the conditions the school imposes before accepting any child, however, is that the parent participate at least one day out of the month in school activities. This the father is at first reluctant to do, giving in only after his boy threatens to return to his bad old ways. What with a budding romance between the father and a pretty teacher at the Playtime School, and Gus's rough edges smoothing away, the picture seems to be approaching its happy ending.

But then arises the frightful necessity of having a plot. Wife Number One returns. Her Mexican divorce was just a scrap of paper. Now that her husband is so successful, she wants a half-million dollars before she will grant him a real one. He takes the matter to court, and soon finds his pretty romance turned into an ugly scandal—all leading to a logical, if rather more conventional, ending.

The script has been written with a sharp eye for the kind of humor that

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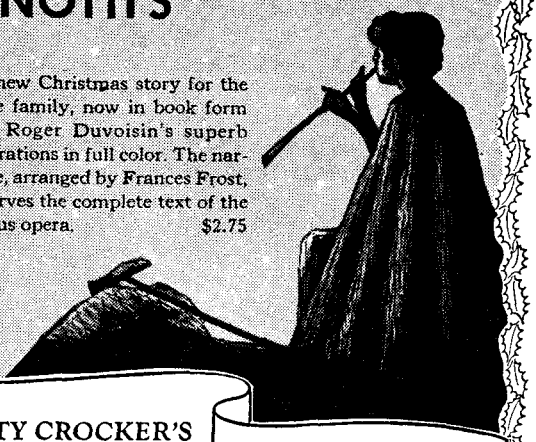

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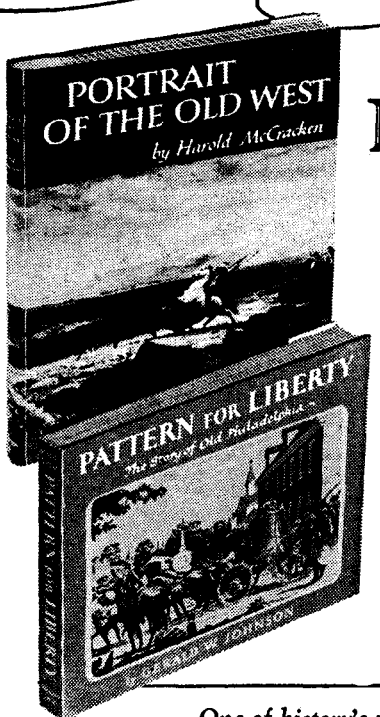

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springs unforced from a situation—a nervous father addressing a parent-teacher meeting, his delight in his own candy factory as he sees it for the first time from a child's point of view, the pleasant warmth of a boy and his father shyly coming to enjoy each other's company. Richard Widmark, always a good actor, displays a remarkably complete conception of what is, for him, a very unusual role; Joanne Dru, seen generally in horse operas, makes an attractive and believable progressive-school teacher; and Audrey Totter is convincingly cheap and strident as the gold-digging wife. In fact, the only real trouble with "My Pal Gus" is Gus himself, basso-voiced George Winslow. He is a cute little moppet, as Hollywood moppets go. But what you want here is a kid who is real enough, poignant enough to make the whole story matter. Even so, thanks to a splendid writing job, it almost works.

THE difference between European and American movie children, hinted at above, is demonstrated explicitly in "Forbidden Games," a French picture that won the top prize at the Venice Festival a bit earlier this year. Not since the memorable "Poil de Carotte" has a film taken us so completely into a child's world, interpreting for us the rational irrationality of a child's mind. The children in "Forbidden Games" aren't *used*, they are *understood*. And by understanding these unfortunate kids we are helped to a better understanding of all children.

The picture begins with the flight from Paris in the spring of 1940, the roads choked with refugees streaming south. Suddenly Nazi planes appear, strafing. A man and woman fall dead. Their little girl is left alone, clutching her dead puppy. Ten-year-old Michel, the son of a poor farmer, finds her wandering dazedly through a field. Protective and tender, he leads her to his family, who agree to care for her until the Red Cross authorities can be summoned. But Paulette's greatest concern is less for herself than for her dog. Her parents, she learns, have been buried in a great hole. Her pet must also be buried. They were placed in a common grave, she is told, so that they wouldn't be lonely. Her dead puppy must therefore have companions. And the forbidden games begin. Michel supplies animals for their secret cemetery, and wooden crosses so that their souls can go to heaven. Together they steal more crosses from the village cemetery, causing real consternation throughout the parish. The bitterly feuding farm families hurl charges and countercharges among each other. Finally, to prevent bloodshed, the local priest admits it is Michel who has been stealing the crosses. When the father demands to know where they are the boy agrees to tell only on condition that Paulette be allowed to stay with them always. Warily, the old man gives his promise; then, a moment later, he turns the girl over to the officials. In a fury, Michel rushes off to destroy the crosses, his faith in people forever shattered. And Paulette, again alone in the midst of the great Red Cross shelter, screams in panic fear for her mother.

"Forbidden Games" is sometimes shocking in its frankness, always disturbing in its implications, always overwhelmingly real. This reality, fed equally by the bitter theme, the stark settings, and the remarkable performances of the adults, reaches its peak in the two children, Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly. It is totally impossible to think of them as actors: they seem to be *living* their roles. Or, what is probably a bit more precise, director René Clement has managed to convey to two extremely sensitive children a strong sense of his horrifying story. What his cameras record is not, in fact, a performance at all, but a profound reaction to its enormous tragedy. Children are keenly sensitive to truth, marvelously aware of the phoney. And that is perhaps why so many Hollywood movies about children fall flat.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SR Recommends

Forbidden Games: Reviewed in this issue.

Breaking through the Sound Barrier: By no means a conventional "space-opera," this drama is given the benefit of a magnificent performance by Sir Ralph Richardson. (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Life Begins Tomorrow: Sartre, Gide, Corbusier, and Rostand beg for peace while showing off their latest projects in this French "documentary." (*SR* Nov. 22.)

Limelight: Chaplin's new film, hailed by some as a masterpiece, criticized by others as sentimental and banal, but well worth seeing at either evaluation. (*SR* Oct. 25.)

The Magic Box: A polystellar biography of the Mr. Chips who invented motion pictures (according to the English). (*SR* Oct. 18.)

A Father's Dilemma: An Italian villager loses a dress, makes love, brawls with the town in a brilliant imported comedy. (*SR* Oct. 18.)

The Promoter: Alec Guinness scores once again, this time in an adroitly paced adaptation of Arnold Bennett's "The Card." (*SR* Oct. 11.)

O. Henry's Full House: A quintet of O. Henry stories generally well translated to the film medium. (*SR* Sept. 13.)

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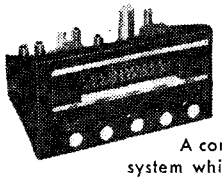

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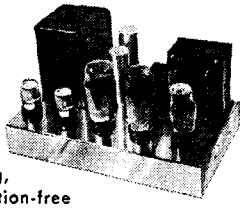

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Music to My Ears

"ORFEO" BY TOSCANINI—BOYD NEEL—FRIEDRICH GULDA

CHRISTOPHER GLUCK, born in the Palatinate, died in Vienna, was certainly the most Mediterranean of non-Italian composers—a fact superficially conveyed by the names of his most familiar works: "Orfeo," "Alceste," "Iphigénie," etc. How far the sense of warm sun and warmer feelings penetrated his musical expression could only be appreciated when one heard its supple lines and noble spirit shaped with a loving hand by Arturo Toscanini in a recent NBC broadcast.

"Orfeo" was, of course, a Toscanini triumph at the Metropolitan all of forty years ago, and he had given this same second act in a broadcast during the war. Those who, for one reason or another, were deprived of these two experiences found this hour of Gluck (the "Orfeo" was prefaced by the "Iphigenia" overture) one of the most remarkable of the many remarkable things this man has done to put us in his debt.

The second act of "Orfeo" is, of course, the essence of the drama: Orfeo confronts the furies, turns away their wrath, pours out his impassioned plea for the return of Eurydice, and is finally rewarded. As much, naturally, is conveyed by the music for the ballet as by the writing for the voices and chorus, but the absence of movement detracted nothing at all from the illusion Toscanini made of Gluck's ardent yet restrained music. It was the ever just balance of passion nobly restrained and repose given a new sense of power that made Toscanini's realization of "Orfeo" so absorbing.

Even without scenery, lights, or costumes the dramatic ebb and flow was powerfully conveyed. It was highly appropriate for Toscanini to begin with the "Iphigenia" overture, for its alternate joy and despair put one solidly in the mood for what followed. Nan Merriman's finely phrased appeal of Orfeo to the furies set the vocal tone of a performance full of intelligence, keen appreciation of the word values of the text, and a consistently straight line between over- and understatement. Orfeo can be declaimed in a way more suiting the concept of the old-fashioned "grand manner" than Miss Merriman did, but it is hard to imagine a vocal sound more appropriate to the texture of the whole Toscanini conception. Here is a steadily developing artist whose future should include the Metropolitan. Barbara Gibson, making her first appearance at a Toscanini concert, sang the music of the Happy Shade (the program miscalled her Eurydice, as Gluck's score calls for separate singers of the two roles) in a bright, sweet soprano that could have been more powerfully projected. The Robert Shaw Chorale sounded small in the hall, though it was probably adequate for the radio.

While about it, one might append a tribute to the members of the NBC Symphony, who played the trickily transparent score with all the passion the conductor demanded, and a fiendish kind of accuracy hard to surpass. The warm flow of string tone at the end summed up all the virtues that had preceded, including some exceptional wind playing by the flutist in the "Dance of the Blessed Spirits" and the oboe in "Che puro ciel." RCA Victor would do a service for all to make this broadcast, or a studio equivalent, available on commercial discs.

* * *

The Boyd Neel Orchestra, which has been touring Canada and nearby areas of the United States, stopped off in New York long enough to give us an example of their long-celebrated ensemble art in a program for the New Friends of Music. The diverse list that included symphonies of Karl Friedrich Abel (E flat) and Mozart (A major, No. 29), a Bartok divertimento, and Benjamin Britten's "Serenade for Tenor, Horn, and Strings" varied some in suitability to the elements involved, but at its best, in the Bartok and Britten, it was truly representative of the spirit and finesse that marks the best of British music making.

The Bartok work, one of his best pieces, shows the earlier abandon mellowed and tempered, but not subdued; it comes and goes within a pattern of other, more reflective ideas that testify to the composer's growth. Here Neel's string group (the essence of the ensemble) showed its sturdy musical attributes. The Britten "Serenade" is less a task for the ensemble than for the soloists, and they performed with fine efficiency. David Lloyd has rarely used his tenor voice with more discretion and control than in these settings of texts by Tennyson, Blake, Keats, etc.; and the visiting

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hornist, John Burden, was all that he had to be.

* * *

Not alone for the successful series of recitals he gave here two years ago, but also for his superior recordings, Friedrich Gulda had clearly earned his right to an engagement with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. Why, however, his special kind of pianistic sensitivity and musicianship should be pitted against the Third Concerto of Prokofiev is less than clear to me. At the Sunday broadcast Gulda played the C minor Concerto of Beethoven, but this too was less than the best exposition of his capacities. One of the greater Mozart concertos or the Beethoven No. 4 was certainly indicated for his order of talent. Let it be said merely that Gulda played his Prokofiev with notable fluency and a singing tone that rarely had a chance to soar.

The curiously diverse program Dimitri Mitropoulos had assembled for this occasion began with the "Benvenuto Cellini Overture" of Berlioz and ended with the "Suite Algerienne" of Saint Saëns. Along the way came Alban Berg's "Three Orchestral Pieces" (Opus 6), clearly indicative of the man to come but rather tortuous listening in the concert hall. As indicated by Herbert Peyser in his program annotation, the "Prelude, Round, and March" might almost be studies for, or extracts from "Wozzeck"—which means that some kind of dramatic framework would make their content more interesting. This music was well conducted by Mitropoulos, though I didn't find his treatment of the Prokofiev quite what I had anticipated.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Record Week

AS A source of innocent pleasure, the after-midnight radio is now limited to the activities of disc jockeys, pop and otherwise, whose musical wares are occasionally audible between plugs. The present generation may disbelieve it, but there was a time when those hours offered liberal helpings of the best popular music ever played, at no more cost than the effort of turning the dials. They won't disbelieve it if they sample the contents of the two-disc set Columbia calls "Jazz Concert No. 2 (Columbia set SL 180, $12.11) made up of thirty-six "takes" from the virtually nightly broadcasts of the Benny Goodman band in the 1937-38 period that led up to the famous Carnegie Hall concert of January 1938.

These are products of what were called "remotes"—broadcasts from the supper rooms of hotels such as the Manhattan Room of the Pennsylvania (which, as George Avakian rightly says in his annotation, will never be acceptable as the "Statler" to those who knew it in Goodman days) or from dance palaces such as the Palomar in Los Angeles. Always there was an audience present, often as appreciative (as the intermittent applause testifies) if not as overstimulated as the one which sometimes makes the recording of the Carnegie Hall concert a trial. At the long chain of electronics (sometimes stretching from coast to coast) was a youthful enthusiast named Bill Savory who took down the broadcasts for his own pleasure. It is a credit to his skill as well as an honor to his foresight that the same Bill Savory, now an engineer for Columbia, edited the tape from which this practically priceless compilation was cut.

As is true with almost every notable band, Goodman's rarely attained, in the studio, the freedom and abandon with which it performed "on the job." Thus, the reader is advised that he has in store for him performances of such Goodman favorites as "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Down South Camp Meetin'," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Roll 'Em," and "King Porter" which even exceed in drive and aliveness the versions long considered peerless on RCA Victor commercial issues.

Equal, if different, are the attractions of half a dozen items which Goodman never got around to recording in the conventional manner—"Sunny Disposish," "Sweet Leilani," "Caravan," and "Have You Met Miss Jones?" among others. There are also several "originals" not perpetuated either by the band or the smaller groups that throw new light on the virtuosity of the Goodman-Wilson-Krupa-Hampton team at its very best, as well as numerous examples of the power Harry James commanded on the trumpet before he went into business on his own. Several of the items are marred by static or other noises cut into the music by Savory's equipment, but in each case the joyous force and aliveness of the performance clearly justifies its preservation.

I leave to historians the evaluations of this music in terms of the time when it was made, but I cannot omit a reference to the evident fact that its carefree abandon and unquestionable power mirrored the mood of a nation at peace, happy, and reasonably prosperous. Take away any one of those conditions, and you have the answer why these jubilant echoes of the past are not being heard with any frequency on the radio these midnights.

—I. K.

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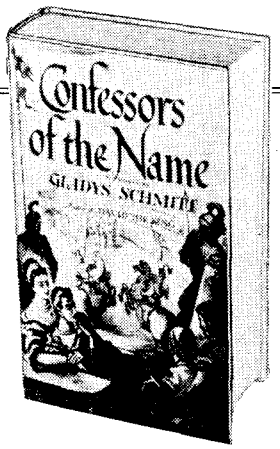

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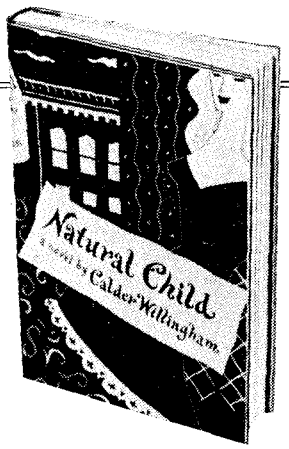

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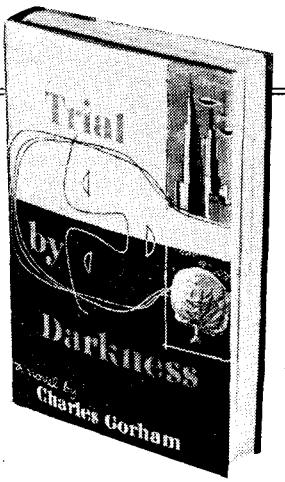

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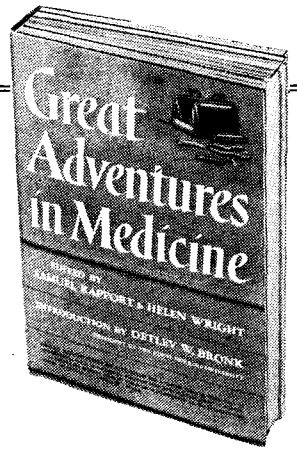

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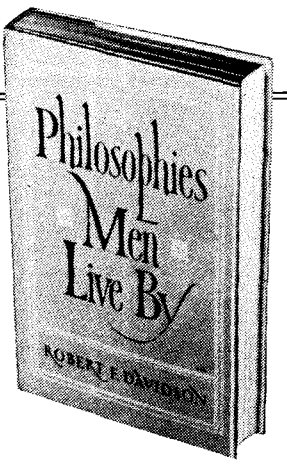

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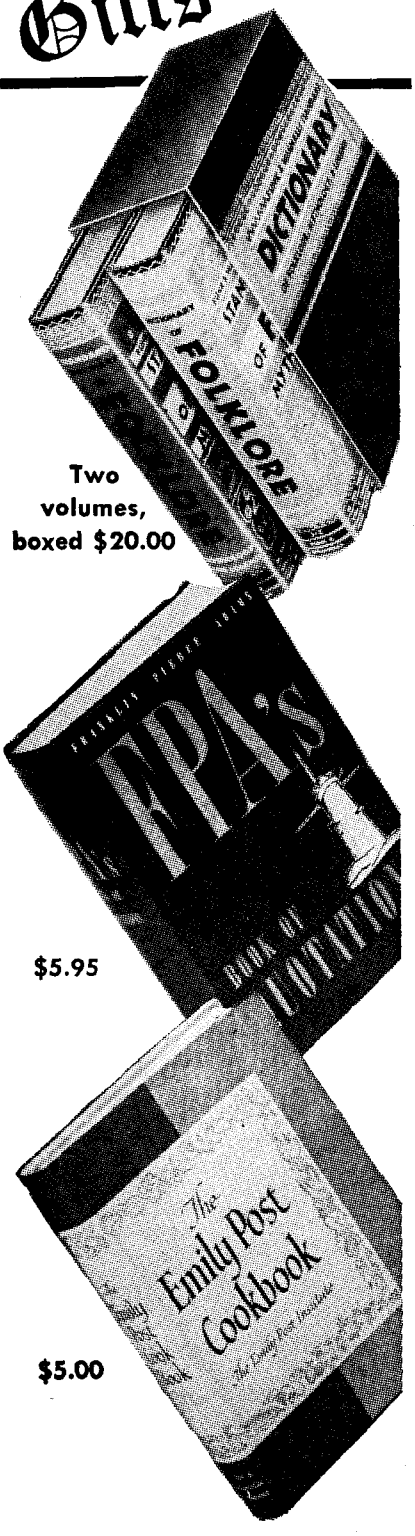

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NEW EDITIONS

TWO fascinating, famous Shakespearean studies, both by women, have recently been reissued—Caroline Spurgeon's "Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us" (Cambridge, $9) and Lily B. Campbell's "Shakespeare's Tragic Heroes, Slaves of Passion" (Barnes & Noble, $7.50). Each volume opened up new vistas of understanding when it was first published; both may be read and re-read with increasing profit and undiminishing pleasure.

Professor Spurgeon holds the belief, quite rightly I think, that the imagery a poet instinctively uses in the heat of composition is "a revelation, largely unconscious, given at a moment of heightened feeling, of the furniture of his mind, the channels of his thought, the qualities of things, the objects and incidents he observes and remembers, and perhaps most significant of all, those which he does not observe or remember." Professor Campbell believes—and she is certainly right—that we cannot really understand what Shakespeare had to say unless we are familiar with the world-picture and the moral philosophy that were the common property of the thinking men of his day. Miss Spurgeon subjects Shakespeare's images to the closest examination, catalogues and charts them with a view to discovering his true character, interests, likes, dislikes, and beliefs. Miss Campbell instructs her readers in the moral philosophy of the Renaissance; explains the theoretical roles of passions and humors; stresses the fact that "no modern psychologist has more strenuously insisted upon the fundamental relationship between body and mind or body and soul than did these writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England"; traces tragedy back to its source in the passions, thereby justifying her sub-title; and illuminatingly studies "Hamlet," "Othello," "Lear," and "Macbeth" as tragedies of Grief, Jealousy, Wrath in Old Age, and Fear. In two appendices she takes Bradley to task for trying to go behind what Shakespeare actually said, for refusing to read him within the framework of Elizabethan thought, and for forcing a nineteenth-century interpretation upon sixteenth-century material.

Miss Spurgeon's splendid book—to return to it briefly—not only helps us to fathom the depths of Shakespeare's character; it also helps us, as she intended, "to realize a little more fully and accurately one of the many ways by which he so magically stirs our emotions and excites our imagination." In addition, it demonstrates that a characteristic group of images can provide "an extraordinarily reliable test of authorship."

A CENTURY of the Essay" (Harcourt, Brace, $3), edited by David Daiches, is full of good things. Its scope is wide enough to include not only a few "familiar essays" of the traditional type (Robert Lynd's "The Life of Sensations" and Beerbohm's "Seeing People Off") but also literary criticism (Strachey on Beddoes, Wilson on Housman, Eliot on Marvell), philosophical statements (Russell's "A Free Man's Worship," James's "What Pragmatism Means"), narrative (Orwell's "Shooting an Elephant"), art criticism (Huxley's "Meditation on El Greco"), and such diverse papers as MacDiarmid's "Life in the Shetland Islands," Mencken's "The Genealogy of Etiquette," Chris Morley's notes on a visit to England, and Thurber's report on soap opera's Soapland and its inhabitants. Mr. Daiches explains his inclusiveness when he tells us that, "while the familiar essay has by no means disappeared in the last hundred years, it has become a thin trickle indeed when compared with the stream of serious critical and philosophical discussion in our time."

Anyone who wishes to increase his own stature by carrying Bernard Shaw in his pocket can do so, thanks to Penguin Books. The latest Penguin Shaw titles are "Candida" (35¢), "Arms and the Man" (35¢), and "Man and Superman" (50¢). The last, of course, contains "Don Juan in Hell," which, thanks to the Drama Quartette, must be the stretch of Shavian dialogue that Americans know best. "The Beginnings of English Literature to Skelton 1509" (Dover, $3), by W. L. Renwick and Harold Orton, is now available. This is the first volume of the "Introductions to English Literature," edited by Bonamy Dobrée, which I have already heartily recommended. And, even if one is weak in mathematics, one can get a good deal of instruction from A. d'Abro's "The Evolution of Scientific Thought from Newton to Einstein" (Dover, $3.95).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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SR's World Calendar

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cultural, folklore, musical, scientific, trade, dramatic, and sporting events of unusual interest are shown for the countries listed during January, February, and March. Asterisks indicate the ten top events in this month's calendar.*

Austria

INTERNATIONAL SKI MEETS *(Innsbruck, Jan. 6; Bischofshofen, Salzburg, Jan. 11; Hahnenkamm Race, Kitzbuhel, Tyrol, Jan. 17, 18; Austrian championships, Innsbruck, Feb. 11-15; Ski Flying Week, Kulm near Mitterndorf, Feb. 27-March 3.)*

MASKED PROCESSIONS *(Jan. 5, 6, Badgastein):* Annual party called "Perchtenlaufen."

FANCY DRESS BALLS *(Jan. 31; Feb. 2, 14, Vienna).*

FAIR *(March 15-22, Vienna):* Annual International Spring Fair.

Belgium

MARRIAGE FAIR *(Jan. 1, Arlon):* Young couples announce engagements; folklore figures parade.

AUTO SHOW *(Jan. 17-28, Brussels):* Thirty-fifth annual exhibition in Centenary Palace.

*CARNIVAL *(Feb. 15-17, Binche):* Famous Gilles de Binche parade in fancy costumes topped by enormous plumed hats.

MID-LENT CELEBRATIONS *(March 15, Arlon, Fosse, Hasselt, Masseik, Ostende, Stavelot):* Pious folk in this predominantly Roman Catholic country lay aside sobriety for a day.

Britain

CONCERTS: *(Royal Albert Hall, London, Jan. 9, 10. Royal Festival Hall, South Bank, London, Jan. 25.)*

BERTRAM MILLS CIRCUS *(Jan. 1-31, London):* Britain's most important circus at Olympia.

CRUFT'S DOG SHOW *(Feb. 6, 7, London):* One of the world's leading dog shows.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION *(March 3-28, London):* Annual festival of home-making attracts a million people each year.

RUGBY *(March 21, Twickenham, Middlesex):* England vs. Scotland.

RACING *(March 23-25, Lincoln):* Opening of flat-racing season.

*GRAND NATIONAL *(March 28, Aintree, Liverpool):* Most difficult, strenuous steeplechase in the world.

Denmark

SYMPHONY CONCERTS *(Jan. 8, 11, 15, 18, 22, 26, 27, 29; Feb. 1, 2, 5, 11, 12, 15, 19, 23, 24, 25, 26; March 4, 5, 8, 12, 15, 18, 19, 22, 26, 30, Copenhagen.)*

*OPERA BALL *(Jan. 19, Copenhagen):* Royal Ballet featured at fashionable yearly event.

APPLIED ARTS SPRING EXHIBITIONS *(Jan. 19-Feb. 18, Copenhagen; March 1-14, Odense; March 20-April 4, Aarhus):* Leading designers, producers of ceramics, silverware, textiles, toys, wallpaper exhibit.

SKIING *(Feb. 16, Copenhagen):* International contest.

KING'S BIRTHDAY *(March 11, Copenhagen):* Parade, concert honor H.M. King Frederik IX.

INTERNATIONAL FAIR *(March 20-29, Copenhagen):* Technical section features machinery, metal goods.

QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY *(March 28, Copenhagen):* Royal Life Guards parade at Amalienborg Sq.

Finland

CONCERTS *(Every Tuesday, Friday, January-April, Helsinki).*

WINTER SPORTS *(March 21, 22, Kuopio):* Puijo international meet.

SKATING *(Feb. 14, 15, Helsinki):* World championship.

KALEVALA DAY *(Feb. 28, nationwide):* Kalevala is Finnish National Epic Poem.

FAIR *(March 20-29, Helsinki):* Annual spring exhibition.

France

HORSE RACES *(At Vincennes: Prix d'Amerique, Jan. 18; Prix de Paris, Feb. 8.)*

SKI MEETS *(Jan. 31, Feb. 1, Mégève; Feb. 21, 22, Chamonix.)*

*CARNIVAL *(Feb. 5-19, Nice):* Famous Battle of Flowers the big attraction, Feb. 19.

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Feb. 8, St. Malo):* Pardon des Terre-Neuvas.

BIKE RACES *(Feb. 26-March 4, Paris):* Annual six-day meet.

EXHIBITION *(March 10-15, Paris):* Agricultural machinery show.

Germany

CONCERTS *(Jan. 1, 4, 5, 11, 12, 25, 26, 30; Feb. 15, 16, 19, 22, 23; March 8, 9, 15, 16, 20, 21, 29, 30, Berlin).*

SKI JUMPING *(Jan. 1, Garmisch-Partenkirchen):* International meet.

NINTH WINTER SPORTS WEEK *(Jan. 22-Feb. 1, Garmisch-Partenkirchen):* Two-man and four-man bobsled world championships.

*ROSE MONDAY PAGEANT *(Feb. 16, Aachen, Bonn, Cologne, Dortmund, Dusseldorf, Hagen, Mainz, Munich.)*

SPRING FAIR *(Feb. 22-26, Frankfurt):* International exhibition.

TOY FAIR *(March 8-13, Nurnberg):* Fourth annual presentation.

HORSE SHOW *(March 13-15, Munich):* International riding, driving tournament.

FOLK FESTIVAL *(March 22, Forst, Landau, Neustadt, Speyer):* Procession, Laetare play.

Hawaii

FISHING FESTIVAL *(Jan. 31):* First of monthly group fishing, feasting celebrations.

NARCISSUS FESTIVAL *(Feb. 14):* Four-day celebration around Chinese New Year.

GARDEN TOURS *(Feb.-May):* Semi-monthly tours sponsored by Garden Club of Honolulu.

JAPANESE GIRLS DAY *(March 3, Honolulu):* Displays of dolls, kimonos, program of Japanese music.

Italy

*CARNIVAL *(Feb. 17, Orvieto and Viareggio):* Annual pre-Lenten celebration; famous parade at Viareggio.

MARCH OF PENITENTI *(Feb. 18, Rome):* Procession of hooded figures part of religious observance.

HOLY WEEK PROCESSIONS *(March 29-Apr. 4):* Many towns throughout Italy parade relics, or re-enact the journey to Calvary.

Latin America

FESTIVAL OF CHALMA *(Jan. 1-7, near Cuernavaca, Mexico.)*

EPIPHANY *(Jan. 6, Cuzco, Peru):* Best of ancient morality plays at church of San Blas.

FAIR *(Jan. 24-26, La Paz, Bolivia):* Celebration in city's main square salutes god of prosperity.

*CARNIVALS *(Feb. 12-17, Rio de Janiero, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay.)*

ST. JOSEPH'S DAY *(March 19, San Jose, Costa Rica):* Fiesta honors patron saint.

Monaco

TENNIS TOURNAMENTS *(Jan. 1-7; 12-18; 20-25; Feb. 15-20; 25-30.)*

XXIII AUTO RALLYE *(Jan. 20-27).*

OPERA *(Feb. 1-April 7):* Performances in French, German, Italian, semi-weekly.

Norway

CONCERTS *(Jan. 15, 16, 23, 29, 30; Feb. 6, 12, 13, 20, 26, 27; March 5, 12, 13, 28, Oslo.)*

WINTER SPORTS *(Feb. 14, 15, Lillehammer, women's world speed-skating championships; Feb. 14, 15, Botne, ski championship for juniors; Feb. 15, Oslo, 50 km. crosscountry race; Feb. 21, 22, Norefjell, Holmenkollen competition; Feb. 24, 26, 28 and March 1, Oslo.)*

GIANT SLALOM *(March 7, 8, Drammen I):* Norwegian championship.

Spain

KING'S DAY *(Jan. 6, Aledo):* Dramatization of "Three Wise Men from the East."

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION *(Jan. 20, Pollensa):* Presentation of "L'Estandart" and "Els Carallets."

*SACRED DRAMA *(Feb. 22, March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, and Holy Week, March 29-April 5, at Cervera, Molins de Rey, Esparraguera, Olesa de Monteserrat.)*

RELIGIOUS FIESTA *(March 8, Castellon):* Historical cavalcade, bullfights.

*"FALLAS" *(March 12-19, Valencia):* Burning of effigies, bullfights. One of Spain's three big annual events.

Switzerland

SKI MEETS *(Jan. 9-11, Wengen and Grindelwald; Feb. 14, 15, St. Moritz; Feb. 22.)*

HORSE RACE *(Jan. 14, 18, Arosa):* Contests on snow-covered track.

CURLING CONTESTS *(Jan. 19-22, Engelberg; Jan. 23-25, Wengen.)*

ICE SKATING TITLE MEETS *(Jan. 24, 25, Davos, Swiss speed contest; Feb. 8-15, Davos, world figure-skating competition.)*

CARNIVAL *(Feb. 12, 16, 17, Lucerne):* Costumed processions, folk dancing.

ICE HOCKEY *(March 5-15, Zurich, Basle):* World, European championships.

West Indies

CONCERTS *(Jan. 4, 18; Feb. 1, 15, Havana.)*

FISHING CONTEST *(Jan. 17-May 17, Puerto Rico.)*

*CARNIVAL *(Feb. 12-17, Aruba; Havana, Cuba; Grenada; St. Lucia; St. Vincent; Trinidad and Tobago.)*

—ROBERT MEYER, JR.

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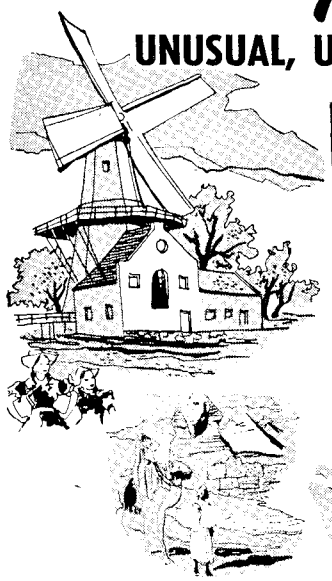

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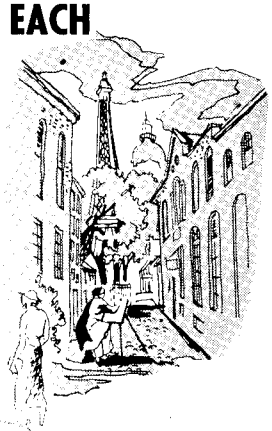

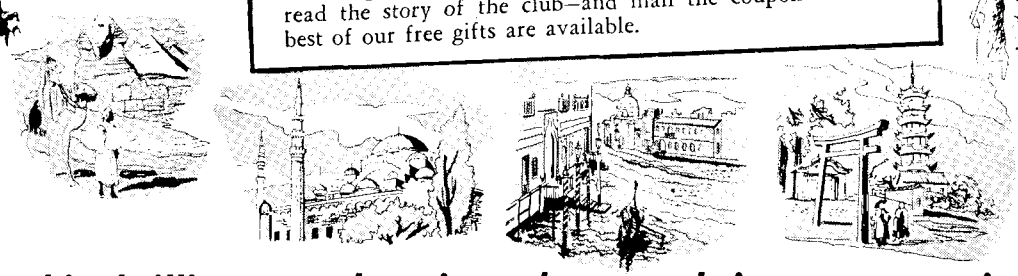

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

THE UNWELCOME MAT

THERE is nothing that nettles the American traveler in a foreign land more than finding himself enmeshed in a jumble of touristic red tape. In deference to his demands and his dollars European and Caribbean countries have obliged by paring entry requirements to the very core. A U. S. passport suffices for virtually all of Europe. A tourist card or proof of U. S. citizenship gets you by in the Caribbean. A relentless battle has been carried on by travel and trade executives to get the paper-loving South Americans, who still require a portfolio full of documents and photographs, to follow the lead of the progressives.

But, despite the protestations of Americans and American trade agencies on the subject of bureaucracy in other lands, one of the world's worst offenders is the United States itself. Four hunters from Florida completing an expedition that took them to South Africa and seven European countries were sitting opposite me in the lounge of a DC-6 the other day. One of them told me, "We've covered more than 25,000 miles and I want to tell you the worst customs and immigration facilities we found anywhere were right in our own country." A French friend just in from Paris told of flying the ocean in thirteen hours and landing at Idlewild at noon. With several plane-loads of travelers waiting, the entire staff of customs inspectors promptly went out to lunch. Four hours after he had landed my French friend finally cleared customs and immigration.

These experiences reminded me vividly of the seventy-eight dentists who arrived here last summer, the first organized group of European tourists to visit us since the war. They had traveled nine days by ship to get here, would spend nine more days at sea to get home. They had just five days of sightseeing in America, but our customs and immigration people were so flabbergasted at their arrival that it took a full half-day to get them off the pier.

Dealing with foreign tourists, a species whom the U. S. prefers to call "non-immigrant aliens," this country requires a passport, a visa, a certificate attesting to the bearer's good health, a certificate of smallpox vaccination, an affidavit from his home-town police station indicating past good conduct, a letter of recommendation in duplicate from a banking concern, and three photographs. If the visitor's trip originates in the so-called "yellow-fever belt" he must have a certificate of yellow-fever inoculation. Coming from Thailand, Pakistan, India, Burma, or French Indo-China, he needs a certificate of cholera inoculation.

Although few can argue with the good sense of strict medical requirements, it would take a foreign tourist of saintly patience not to throw up his hands in despair at the rest of the facts, forms, and indignities to which the Government submits him. In certain cases the visitor's police certificate must also include a set of his fingerprints. Worse yet, a visitor expressing an intention to come to the U. S. is considered an immigrant until he can prove himself a legitimate tourist or businessman. Says A. L. Simmons, president of the influential American Society of Travel Agents, "We recognize, of course, the sound motives that may have given rise to legislation and tighter restrictions aimed at screening subversives, but many a foreigner of excellent character and reputation is beginning to wonder whether we have now switched from our traditional beliefs to the thesis that everybody is guilty until proved innocent."

Local American consular offices are given the authority, according to the present laws, to determine the true purpose of the foreigner's visit. The traveler who desires to visit our shores must, says the State Department, prove "that he is able and intends to return abroad upon the conclusion of his visit." He must also prove that he has a passport valid for return abroad at least sixty days beyond the length of time he desires to remain in the U. S. "Evidence of close ties abroad that will necessitate the visitor's return to his own country will be helpful in establishing non-immigrant visitor's status," says a State Department spokesman. Anybody who overstays his leave will be arrested and deported.

People from other countries who have braved the storm of tape and travail will tell you there is no uniformity in the way our consular offices handle visa applications. Time, stringency, and courtesy vary greatly from Paris to Pakistan. The chief of the State Department's Visa Division suggests that prospective visitors apply well in advance of the contemplated date of departure "so that the necessary clearances may be obtained and the required security investigations made with a minimum of inconvenience."

DELEGATES coming from overseas to the recent World Travel Congress of the American Society of Travel Agents in Miami report that their visas were on file with our consulates abroad as long as sixty to ninety days without any word on eventual action. In several cases the visas did not come through in time, and delegates were obliged to cancel their plans. When the Society's officials sought information requirements for foreign temporary visitors at the State Department's bureau in New York, center of international travel, the Department's personnel professed no information on the subject. "Write to Washington," they said. Not long ago an Italian representative of a foreign transportation company who had been working in New York for several years flew to Italy for a conference with his home office. When he returned to New York immigration officials packed him forthwith off to Ellis Island as a possible subversive.

Although we make much of the un-

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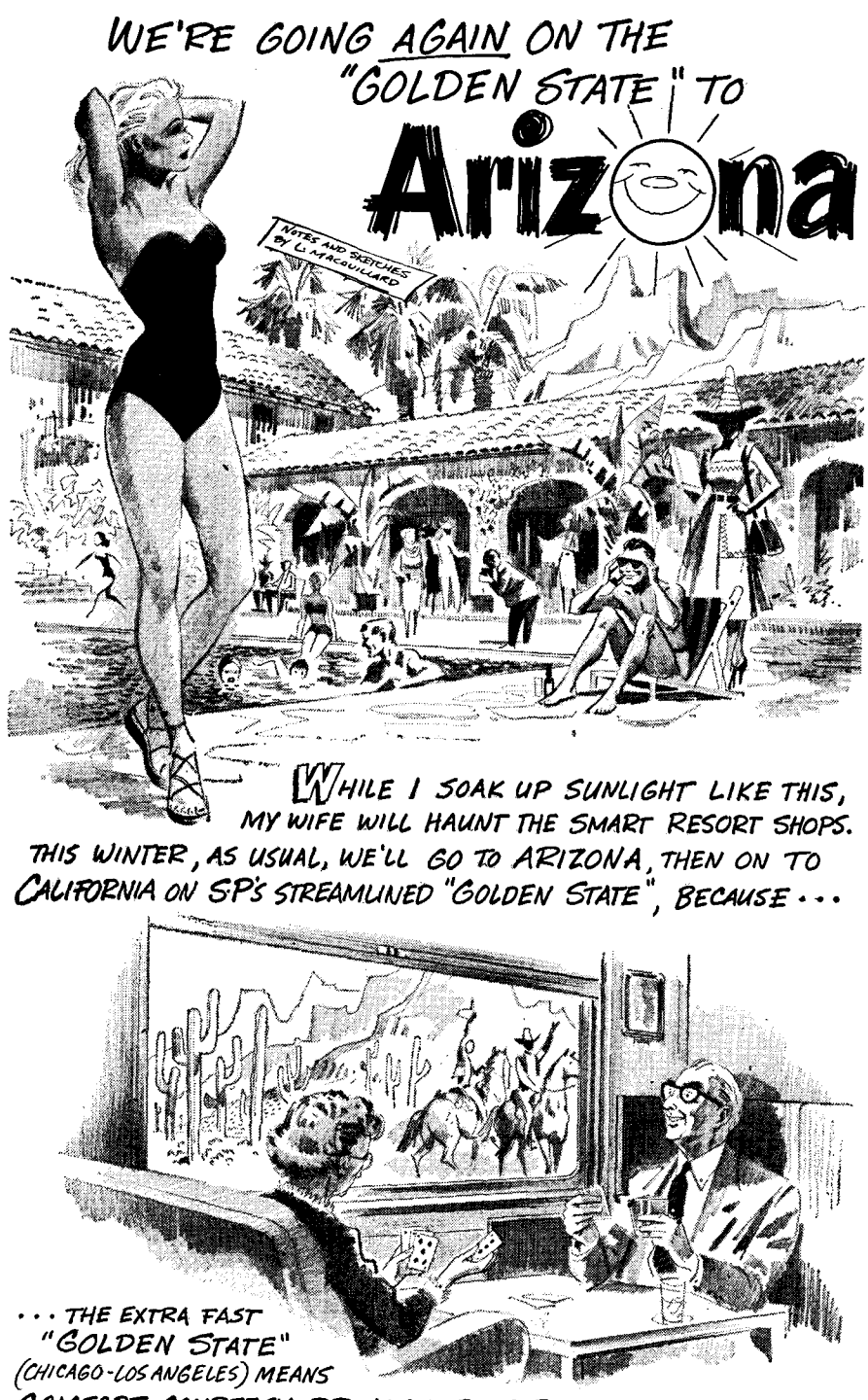
guarded border and the amity that exists between this country and Canada, a Canadian citizen returning to his country from Europe by way of a New York port is required to be fingerprinted and have in his possession a U. S. re-entry permit.

All these laws and regulations will not be altered by the McCarran-Walter Act, which ironically goes into effect on December 24, during the traditional season of good will. Actually, the strengthening of restrictions against foreign visitors during the past few years has been reflective of the national security neurosis. State Department regulations have been kept abreast of the national tenor and ahead of such legislation as the McCarran Act as it applies to the entry of foreign tourists.

What the McCarran Act will require, however, is that each alien seaman on an ocean liner be mustered and examined on each crossing and have in his possession a new United States identity card. Previously, alien seamen were examined on their first crossing and were henceforth included in a blanket clearance each time they arrived in port. Some liners with a thousand in crew will simply be unable to promise shore leave to foreign seamen bringing ships to the United States. The new law has engendered all sorts of anti-U. S. feeling among foreign lines and foreign citizens alike. As one steamship executive put it, "Good Lord, we have fewer desertions on our ships than they do on the USS *Missouri*."

To help ease the burdens caused by the McCarran Act the Department of Justice, which runs the Immigration and Naturalization Service, has suggested that immigration inspectors be sent abroad by air so that they can examine crew and passengers during the return crossing. The steamship line would be expected to foot the bill at a cost of $350 air fare per inspector, a stateroom and meals during his return trip, and also overtime charges of $6 to $7 a day while traveling and $10 abroad while waiting for the ship to leave. One large line has estimated that the Justice Department's proposal would cost it over $80,000 a year. Other steamship officials wonder just how much work would be accomplished aboard ship. Said one, "Immigration inspectors go down the bay with us for our afternoon arrivals, but the first thing they do when they board the ship is head for the dining-room to have lunch. They might just as well have waited for the ship on the dock."

Nor can all these difficulties be laid at the door of the State and Justice Departments. The United States requires that all visitors, before leaving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our shores, pay us taxes for any money they have made or else prove they have made none while here. This requires an interview at the offices of the Internal Revenue Department, which issues a sailing permit. Without it a foreign visitor cannot leave the country.

Recently I had the pleasure of entertaining a young Swiss who had shown us around his country with warm hospitality a few years ago. He had always dreamed of his first visit to the States. "Well, how do you like it, now that you've finally gotten here?" I asked him eagerly. "It's wonderful," he said, "just as I expected. The people, the scenery. I like everything except the Bureau of Internal Revenue. I went up there for a sailing permit yesterday, and I can tell you they treat people like swine—swine, I tell you!"

A few days after my friend left I appeared at the office of the Alien Income Tax Division of the Bureau of Internal Revenue on Madison Avenue in New York. A sign reading "Sailing Permits, Permis d'Embarquer, Permessi di Partenza, Çikiş Vizesi. . . . etc." adorned the door. There were five rows of wooden chairs, about twenty to a row set aside for waiting.

I sent my card into Mr. Joseph Pirozzi, head of the unit. After a fifteen-minute wait his secretary came back and said, "He can't see you. Why don't you call up for an appointment sometime?" I promised I would and went out and sat in one of the waiting-room chairs. By chance Mr. Pirozzi came out on his way to the water fountain. I told him I was sorry he couldn't see me, but perhaps we could make another appointment. "I'm too busy, all tied up," Mr. Pirozzi said. "We can't write stories here." Then he called to an inspector. "Gordon, just show him the regulation, that's all. No story, see?"

Gordon told me that the law was very complicated, but that roughly speaking anybody setting foot in the United States for anything more than a mere change of planes was required to apply at the Alien Income Tax Division for a sailing permit. He said that inspectors looked at each passport and asked people questions, that everybody got a $600 annual personal exemption which was pro-rated on a monthly basis, that the whole thing was rather complicated and I had better read the regulations. The idea was to see that nobody skipped the country without paying taxes on money made while enjoying the tourist benefits of the USA. He said the waiting line wasn't big now, but in spring and summer it got pretty crowded.

—HORACE SUTTON.

Paul
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TV & THE VOTER

(*Continued from page* 19)

by the speaker are his own, and in this case they DO represent those of the station." (Since the FCC's reversal of the "Mayflower decision" a few years ago, stations are permitted to editorialize, to take sides; they are also required to give equal time for rebuttal.)

Pre-Election Climax

THE final days of the campaign were marked by several interesting developments. One was the use of spot announcements—the trade name for those breathless messages about paper handkerchiefs or fabulous timekeepers that seem just able to squeeze in between the end of one commercial, the announcement of the station's call letters, and the beginning of the next commercial. Spot announcements last for about half a minute; they put across, in commerce, some fifty highly charged words—the name of the product, a few hyphenated adjectives. They were used by the Republicans both on radio and television. A typical TV spot began with a picture of Eisenhower and the spoken words "Eisenhower answers America." There followed a citizen who asked one of forty different questions in the briefest terms, such as: "I am a veteran from Korea. The war is still going on there. What can we do?" (There were several variations, of which this text is typical, though not a verbation transcription of any one question.) Eisenhower was then shown facing the camera and giving an answer which ran from twenty to fifty words.

These spots were used in some forty cities with varying degrees of "saturation." No final figures of the total number used are available, but I know that in New York City on a single day radio and TV used 130 such messages, and this is flatly declared to be the greatest saturation ever achieved for any purpose. It is estimated, variously, that this campaign alone cost between half a million and two million dollars. It was condemned as undignified and (for a reason I cannot fathom) unethical; certainly, nothing is easier than to have fun with the idea of a Presidential candidate using the techniques for selling razor blades and toothpaste.

The final act of the campaign consisted of one Democratic and two Republican broadcasts. The first Republican event was a rally in Boston,

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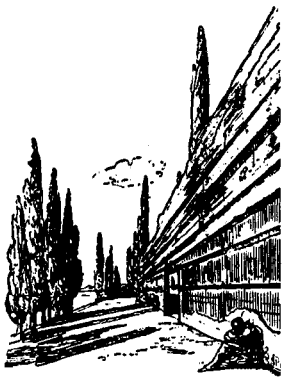

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at the end of which there was an entertainment feature almost as fumbling as had been a half-hour of fun and games a week earlier when Stevenson spoke from Madison Square Garden. After the Republicans' initial half-hour, Truman, Barkley, Stevenson, and Sparkman spoke. The Republicans had bought newspaper space urging listeners to turn off their sets during this interval. They needn't have bothered. Truman seemed tired, and Barkley—an inspired spontaneous speaker—seemed painfully aware of the time-signal coming. When the program switched to Chicago, Stevenson was patently embarrassed at the necessity of making artificial small talk with two of his sons, and Sparkman (attended by an inaudible and almost invisible wife) was heavy going. At the end, Stevenson settled down to what he obviously felt was the right business of a campaigner; he spoke what he had written, and while it wasn't his best speech it had quality.

At this point the Republicans took over again with a report to Eisenhower and Nixon, who were shown with their wives looking at a television set. A brief newsreelish survey of the outstanding points of the campaign was shown; price tags in a grocery store being changed from forty-nine cents to ninety-four cents, the battlefields of Korea, the income-tax scandals, Hiss in handcuffs. Then from every part of the country people were picked up, telling General Eisenhower why they hoped he would be elected. The text of much of this supposedly spontaneous broadcast had been printed eight hours earlier in the *New York Post*. The program, which continued in this way for an hour, was broadcast on all four networks. Even if the Democratic Campaign Committee or its friends had had the money (which they didn't, as they barely scraped up the cost of the half-hour between the two Republican broadcasts), they would not have been able to get on the air unless one of the networks had exercised the prerogative granted to them by the FCC to withdraw committed time from one party, if the other requested it, in order to prevent gross inequality.

The Democratic complaint that the Republicans were monopolizing air time was first heard at a moment when Stevenson had broadcast eleven times and Eisenhower only three. By the time the campaign came to an end, the Republicans hadn't used enough time to justify the outcry. The figures for one major TV network are: Republicans a total of four and one-half hours, Democrats four and three-quarters. The Democrats led by a small margin in radio also. The exclusive use of the four networks for the final hour and the copious use of the spot announcements probably account for the disparity in outlay, for the Republican investment in broadcasting has been estimated at two million dollars, the Democratic at about one and one-half million dollars. This is what the National Committees actually spent. In all the other data I have been able to ferret out, one thing is sensationally clear: outside organizations (labor unions, smaller parties supporting the same candidates, various "friends of" and "volunteers for") spent from two to four times as much as the Committees themselves. This would indicate that some fifteen million dollars were spent for broadcasting purposes, and I have seen estimates reaching twenty. For purposes of comparison, the closest figures I can find for 1948 indicate that, including the Progressive Party, the total outlay for broadcasting by all parties four years ago was just about what the Democrats alone paid this year—and incidentally, the Democrats in 1948 used two half-hour periods of television.

Some Conclusions

I HAVE presented so far the data, factual and descriptive, on which I believe a reasonable estimate of the place of broadcasting in the recent campaign can be based and I am aware of the multiplicity of questions even this summary report brings up. I submit that in regard to two fundamental questions we have insufficient experience: (1) the actual influence of broadcasting (and, again, television in particular) on action at the polls; (2) the actual relation between money spent and votes won. We lack data, and I think the hypothesis behind my caution about these two questions is reasonable. For the election was probably decided at the moment Eisenhower was nominated (I know one observer who places the date many years earlier, when Eisenhower was acceptable as a candidate to both parties). Landslides are rooted deeply. It is doubtful whether the most extravagant and crafty use of broadcasting by the Democrats would have changed the totals by very much.

I propose for consideration two other questions.

First: Is there anything in the essential nature of television that makes it peculiarly effective? Has it such an influence that it must inevitably become the natural instrument of demagoguery? For instance, did the camera panning over to Mrs.

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Nixon add the image of "Whistler's Mother" (the pose was similar) to the verbal stimulus of Nixon's emphasis on "Pat" and on March 17 as her birthday? Did the reports in the hostile press, asserting that neither the name nor the date was accurate, have any effect? On another level, was the rough-and-tumble of the press conference abandoned precisely because a slip of the tongue or a display of uncertainty would be too conspicuous, too damaging, on television? And is there a feeling that television's unquestioned capacity to reveal the inner truth about great men and small is matched by its equally remarkable adaptability to the uses of slick techniques in the hands of a charlatan who may not be exposed for three months—or three years?

Second: Is it possible that all broadcasting is the wrong medium for communicating any ideas above the lowest order of complexity, with television even more wrong than radio? "The mess in Washington" is an abstraction; "fighting Communism without endangering civil liberties" is a much more complex abstraction. Apart from the emotional appeals involved, can the second be as effectively communicated as the first?

I am not sure I know the answer to this latter question. The successful broadcasts in this campaign seemed not to use abstraction at all: they appeared to be dealing always with the concrete, the simple fact, surrounded by clusters of prejudice, traditions, stereotypes. (They occurred on both sides.)

Above all, the twenty-seven million Stevenson voters suggest some new definitions. Commenting on the election and on the switch to Stevenson of many educators and artists, *Time* noted that "there is a wide and unhealthy gap between the American intellectuals and the people." I am afraid the magazine has, not for the first time, confused the American people with the Republican Party. The gap between the intellectuals and the people does exist. I have studied it and ways to bridge it for a long time, during which many intellectuals voted over and over again with the majority. The fact that they voted this time with the minority is not conclusive evidence that the gap has widened. It doesn't even mean that there are twenty-seven million people on the side of the intellectuals.

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THE FINE ARTS

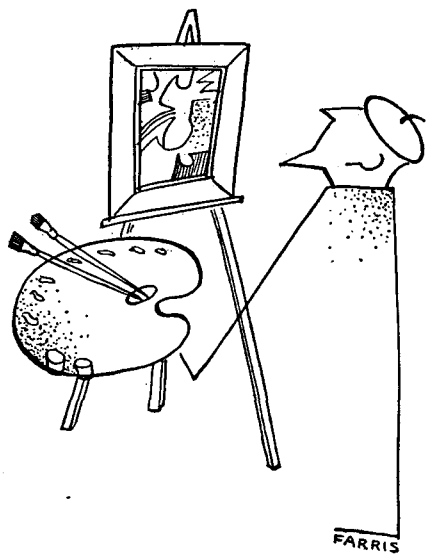
WHITNEY ANNUAL

THE Whitney Museum's current exhibition of contemporary American painting is not so dominated by abstraction as in very recent years. I can't agree, however, with some of my colleagues who find in this fact an indication of a trend away from abstract art toward more traditional forms of expression. The Whitney annuals are, of course, to some degree a barometer of prevailing taste among our artists. This is especially true in that the staff of the Whitney has never attempted to impose a directive on living artists but only to reflect what painters themselves have decided to do. But we must keep in mind that the process of selection is affected by factors of accrual. If the Whitney exhibits certain artists and kinds of painting one year, it is less likely to do so the next, in the tenable interests of variety and over-all sweep. The competent professionals who assemble the Whitney's shows would be the last to claim the gift of quick prophecy. Their efforts should be read in terms of decades, not of years.

The present exhibition includes a larger number of older-generation, middle-of-the-road artists than it has since the war. I can't see that their works are in most cases more distinguished than some of us had once thought. In fact their illustrative character seems milder than ever, though I am not talking about painters of the stature of Edward Hopper, whose "Morning Sun," a picture of an unclothed girl staring out of the window at early sunlight, makes American nakedness in art, as opposed to French nudity, an evocative symbol of native loneliness. But there is a certain advantage in seeing the middle-of-the-roaders among their more venturesome juniors, and the advantage is not invariably in the latter's favor. The older men are often skilled technicians, and their imaginative shortcomings are overcome once in a while by real bursts of temperament in handling. Perhaps an exciting exhibition will one day be held of those pictures in which the conservatives have become untypically bold.

As to the paintings in the Whitney show which *are* abstract, two opposite influences are unmistakably apparent. The first of these is that of the late Piet Mondrian, whose solitary, devout research has left its imprint at the Whitney on the works of Ilya Bolotowsky, Burgoyne Diller, Fritz Glarner, and Leon Polk Smith. As time goes by, it becomes more and more clear that Mondrian was one of the central forces behind our century's way of seeing. His arrangements of rectangles of primary color on white grounds have established a new and extensive system of visual balances; a great number of architects, typographers, and other designers have weighed in on his scales. But he was far more than a talented layout man, and it is the metaphysical intensity of his vision which discourages imitation, though Glarner in America and Ben Nicholson in England have gone on from his premise to something authentic and personal.

I wonder, nevertheless, whether much more can be done with Mondrian's example, at least for now. Perhaps a more promising course, and anyway a fresher one, is that followed by Julius Bloch and Francis Criss in the present show. Both men have gone



back to the dotted technique of the neo-impressionists, applying it to a relatively abstract imagery and leaning more heavily on extremists like Signac and Cross than on pointillism's supreme master, Georges Seurat. There has been a decided revival of interest lately in the neo-impressionist movement as a whole, whereas ten years ago only Seurat's name was frequently heard. And if the neo-neo-impressionism of Bloch and Criss is not particularly exciting as yet, it opens another door, as did the reappraisal of Bonnard's and Matisse's tonal brilliance on the part of postwar abstract painters in France.

In this country the most extreme rebellion against abstraction has been that of the so-called "magic realists"—painters who use a meticulous technique to portray subjects which, if less insistently defined, would either escape notice or strain credulity. The aim of these painters is to arrive at fantasy by overstating and thus enlivening the commonplace or by proposing unexpected juxtapositions of objects and scenes. The magic realists stress the element of surprise, which Guillaume Apollinaire declared should be one of the main preoccupations of both modern art and poetry. The Whitney Museum has assigned a gallery to their works. With the exception of Kay Sage's handsome "Point of Intersection," which seems out of place in this company, the pictures in this gallery reveal the limitations of the movement as now constituted.

IT WAS the German artists of the *Neue Sachlichkeit* who, during the 1920's, most forcefully advocated a return to realism as a means of overthrowing abstract art's supremacy. Their interest, however, was more in the direction of satirical impact than of lyric fantasy, and their realist contemporaries in France, England, Italy, and America were also mostly concerned with traditional subject matter. Not until the arrival of the surrealists did magic realism, practised at intervals by artists from the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries, receive a new impetus. Salvador Dali in particular attempted to go beyond the senior surrealists' automatism, its roots often deep in abstract art, by creating a painstaking depiction of Freudian scenarios, objects, and scenes. He was not the first to put realism to "subconscious" use, considering the much earlier example of Giorgio de Chirico and the contemporaneous works of men like Pierre Roy and René Magritte. But in his pictures of 1929-35 Dali showed a great flair for inventing unforgettable images, as in his famous painting of limp watches.

And that brings us, I think, to a weakness of today's American magic realists: they are seldom able to achieve an imagery which, while defying common sense, remains somehow memorable. Possibly our civilization's recent atrocities against logic have made their task more difficult than it

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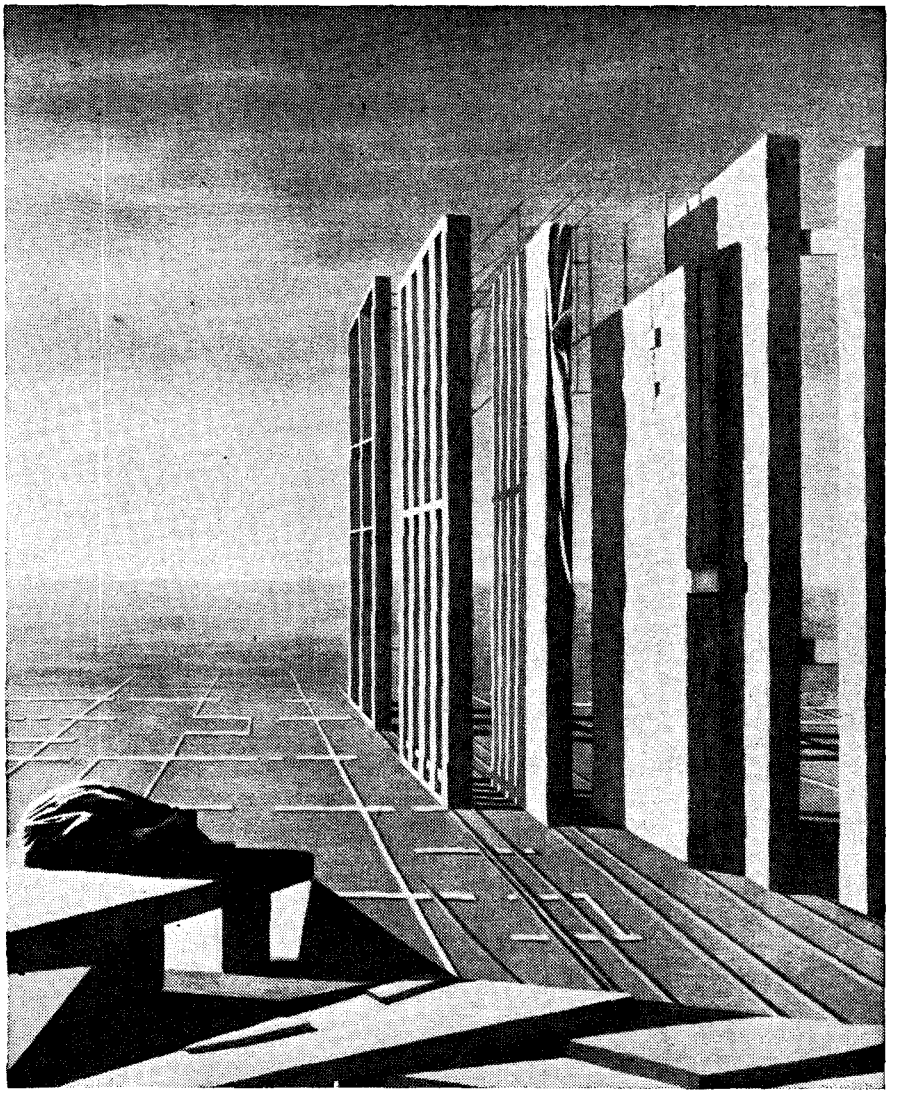

—*Whitney Museum.*

"Point of Intersection," by Kay Sage.

would have been twenty years ago. At any rate, nothing now seems so unfantastic as fantasy-for-its-own-sake —unless this fantasy is suggested by abnormally gifted hands. Most of the magic realists at the Whitney simply are not up to their task in terms of imaginative fervor. The road they have chosen has not, of course, yet come to its end. It is not a road closed to the American temperament, as the paintings of Andrew Wyeth, currently being exhibited at the Macbeth Gallery, tend to prove, despite their being fairly straightforward. Whereas Wyeth creates an iconography within which the idiosyncrasies of given subjects are separate and clear, many of his realist colleagues appear to be dabbling with metaphors that do not even result in a cumulative effect.

By comparison with the magic realists, the postwar American abstract painters continue to show considerable vitality (I use the word "abstract" here in its broadest possible context). Their number grows, and the relative newcomers, Samuel Adler, Morris Kyle, and Fritz Bultman, contribute richly painted works at the Whitney. Perhaps the most arresting personality among the younger men is Herbert Katzman, a prize-winner at the Chicago Art Institute a year or so ago, whose "Two Nudes Before a Japanese Screen" has an aggressive certainty and is sumptuous in color. I like, too, the courage of Maurice Douek in reducing to quite abstract patterns the intricate façade of the Doge's Palace at Venice—a subject which would panic most painters into niggling redundancy. In this picture and elsewhere in the Whitney show one senses some influence from the late Niles Spencer, an artist whose careful honesty has not yet been fully appreciated. And finally, I need not point out that the Whitney's galleries also include works by more established stalwarts of the modern movement, among them Davis, Kuniyoshi, Marin, Salemme, Shahn, and that admirable artist Bradley Tomlin. These works will command attention.

—James Thrall Soby.

New World Problems

MODERN ARTISTS IN AMERICA. Edited by Bernard Karpel, Robert Motherwell, and Ad Reinhardt. New York: Wittenborn, Schultz. 198 *pp.* $5.50.

By S. Lane Faisan, Jr.

IN THE interest of putting first things first, I am happy to cite the black, white, and orange envelope which Robert Motherwell has provided for this volume on modern art as a sensitive and beautiful design in the curvilinear and fluid idiom of today's advanced work. When the cover is opened the reader finds the editors' foreword in cursive script on the front end-papers. The informal manner of the presentation is thus established visually from the outset. The intention is clearly stated: "to convey the sense of modern art as it happened." In this purpose the editors have succeeded admirably. It would be difficult to imagine a documentary anthology of greater usefulness, assuming, of course, that the reader is in agreement as to what is modern as against what is merely passively contemporary. Even the antagonist will welcome the convenience of this assemblage of data concerning painting, drawing, graphic arts, and sculpture in the years 1949-50 and 1950-51, together with critical discussion, pro and con, thereof. Architecture and industrial design are not included in the scope of this volume, which is announced as the first of a series. A second volume is projected for the two seasons just past.

The text is primarily devoted to an intelligently edited transcript of two critical talkathons, one held in 1950 at Studio 35 in New York, the other at San Francisco in 1949. As far as possible, the actual dominance of New York is played down in order to present modern art in America as the national phenomenon which the majority of large exhibitions proves it to be. The discussion at Studio 35 was engaged in by artists, with Alfred Barr soberly presiding as moderator. The Western Round Table of Modern Art, on the other hand, combined critics, writers, two composers, a cultural anthropologist, a painter, and an architect, with a philosopher-esthetician (George Boas) gamely attempting to keep the conversation moving consecutively. Both meetings

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S. Lane Faisan Jr. is director of the Lawrence Museum, Williamstown, Mass., and is chairman of the Art Department of Williams College.

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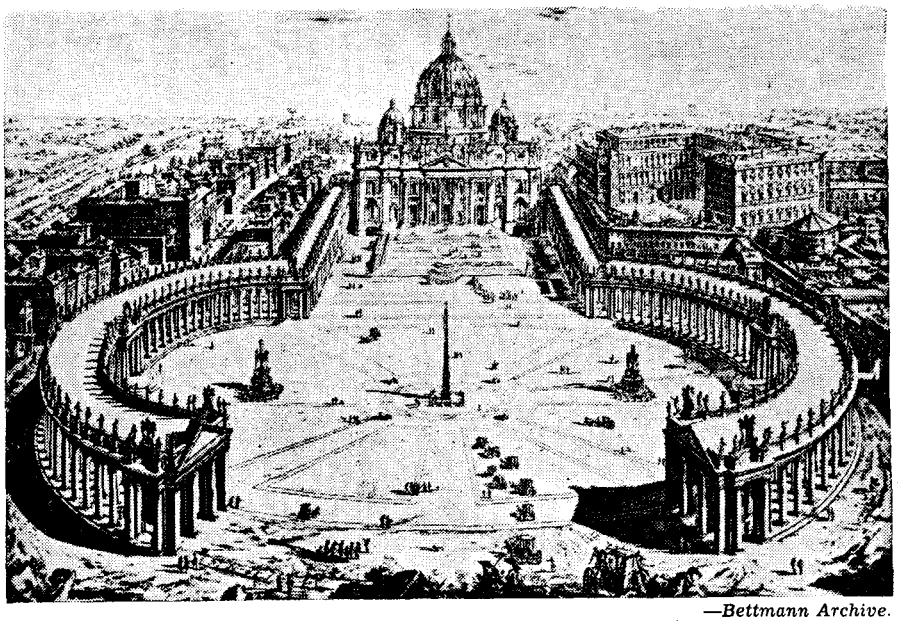
produced lively discussion, though sometimes as tenuous as the deliberations of an academic body.

Among the incisive remarks made at Studio 35 are two by the painter Wilhelm De Kooning: "It seems to me that in Europe every time something new needed to be done it was because of traditional culture. Ours has been a striving to come to the same point that they had—not to be iconoclasts." And, after a series of rather inchoate exchanges on what emotions go into the making of a work of art: "If you are an artist, the problem is to make a picture work whether you are happy or not." Obvious as the point may be, it seems constantly necessary to remark that Beethoven did not work on the slow movements when he was sad and turn to the *scherzi* when he felt gay or mischievous.

The reader of the San Francisco round table will have what I consider the rare privilege of observing the most incorrigible pundit—I was going to say the Ingres—of our day face a withering barrage of skepticism and so effect a strategic withdrawal into negative-interrogative terrain. But even when Frank Lloyd Wright asks polite and hesitant questions, he is greeted by a chorus of nays.

The usefulness of this volume may be suggested by listing its remaining contents. There are nearly 150 illustrations of painting and sculpture (only fifteen of the latter, however). These come from New York galleries and museums and from centers as widely distributed as the Virginia Museum, San Francisco, Berkeley, Sante Fe, Chicago, and—lest we forget—Brooklyn. The editors take a documentary rather than a personal-critical approach, but freely admit there is "perhaps too much of the non-figurative" in their selections. They have included, however, such relatively conservative modernists as Sheeler, Niles Spencer, and Charles Howard. An exhaustive list of exhibitions held in New York City includes, among the Motherwells, Pollocks, and Hans Hofmanns, such genial entries as Grandma Moses, Wyeth, Fausett, and Pleissner. It also includes Van Gogh, Munch, Demuth, Degas, and Toulouse-Lautrec among the departed.

There is a friendly report for a Paris audience by Michel Seuphor on painting in New York in 1951; a special section on the Arensberg Collection, exhibited at Chicago, but donated to Philadelphia; a list of modern works added to American public collections; a calendar of critical excerpts, and an exhaustive bibliography compiled by Bernard Karpel, librarian of the Museum of Modern Art.



—*Bettmann Archive.*

St. Peter's Church at Rome, by Piranesi.

Treasuries, Dungeons & the Church

GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI. By A. Hyatt Mayor. New York: H. Bittner & Co. 138 pp. $12.

By Carl Zigrosser

IN HIS new book on Piranesi, A. Hyatt Mayor continues the exploration of eighteenth-century Italian graphic art that was begun by his monographs on "The Bibiena Family" and on "Baroque and Romantic Stage Design" (in collaboration with Janos Scholz). The three books, all published under the same imprint, supplement one another, for there is an element of stage décor in Piranesi's work, and conversely one can find in the other two books the kind of drawings that sometimes masquerade under his name. The new book is a handsome quarto volume with excellent full-page plates and a well-written text which sums up the esthetic merit and historic importance for us of the "Rembrandt of antique ruins."

The Bibiena book was in a sense pioneer work, being the first study in English on the celebrated family of stage designers; whereas the Piranesi is the latest contribution to a fair-sized bibliography in English that includes at least three books and considerable periodical literature in our era. Piranesi, thus, is not a forgotten name today. The frustrated architect, perhaps, and the archeologist with his crotchety controversies (both ably discussed in the book) have faded into oblivion, but the artist still remains—the artist, par excellence, of architecture. His etched oeuvre was stupendous, approximately a thousand copper plates, many of them large in size and involving laborious archeological research, yet etched with verve and inspired draftsmanship. Legrand records Piranesi's reply to Pope Clement XIII, who expressed astonishment at his facility: "It is as easy for me to engrave a plate as it is for Your Holiness to bestow a benediction."

Tourists bought Piranesi prints in his day; and impressions taken from the sadly worn coppers can still be bought at the Calcografia Nazionale. They have become part of the world's cultural heritage. Our concept of Roman monuments and antiquities is largely based on Piranesi's interpretation: we still see them through his eyes. Basically accurate as most of his delineations are, they are always heightened by the peculiar qualities of his fiery temperament, or permeated with a romantic mood of melancholy and dilapidated grandeur. It is this suggestion of mood, the imaginative element in them, that has continued to keep his prints memorable. For all his ardent devotion to the ancient classical style,

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Carl Zigrosser is curator of prints and drawings at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. He wrote "Fine Prints Old and New," "Six Centuries of Old Prints," and other books.

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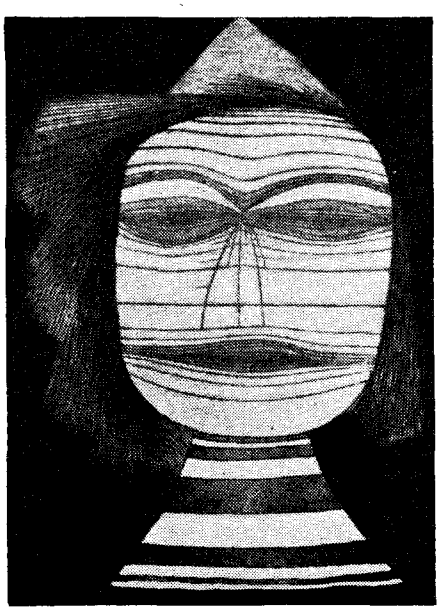
Piranesi unconsciously anticipated the Romantic attitude. There can be no more fitting approach to the contemplation of bygone glory.

Special mention should be made of the etchings known as the "Carceri" or "Prisons," for they aroused the interest of such diverse minds as William Beckford (in "Vathek"), as Coleridge and De Quincey, as Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier. That this series does appeal to the modern temper and has perhaps had a share in keeping his fame alive, is borne out by the recent special studies of A. M. Hind, William M. Ivins, Jean Adhémar, and especially Aldous Huxley. The latter in a thought-provoking foreword has probed into their meaning for us: "These extraordinary etchings have continued, through two centuries, to seem completely relevant and modern not merely in their formal aspects, but also as expressions of obscure psychological truths. To use a once popular religious phrase, they *spoke to the condition* of Coleridge and De Quincey at the height of the Romantic reaction; and they speak no less eloquently to the condition of twentieth-century men and women brought up on the literature, imaginative or descriptive, of deep psychology . . . . Piranesi uses architectural forms to produce a series of beautifully intricate designs—designs which resemble the abstractions of the Cubists in being composed of geometrical elements, but which have the advantage of combining pure geometry with enough subject matter, enough literature, to express more forcibly than a mere pattern can do, the obscure and terrible state of spiritual confusion and *acedia*."



—*From "Paul Klee."*

"Actor's Mask," by Paul Klee.

Shield & Shadow

PAUL KLEE. By Carola Giedion-Welcker. Translated by Alexander Gode. New York: The Viking Press. 156 *pp.* $7.50.

By Thomas B. Hess

ENTHUSIASTIC, original, cultivated, in the Central-European tradition of scientific-cum-poetic curiosity, Mrs. Carola Giedion-Welcker has written a book that praises the art of Paul Klee by defense, exposition, and rejoicing. Starting with his childhood in Switzerland, she examines the various influences in Munich which formed his style; then follows his career as a teacher, hermetic experimenter, and metaphysician; his exile from Nazi Germany back to Switzerland; and his death, at the age of sixty, on June 29, 1940, in Muralto-Locarno. The final section, titled "Klee's Contribution to the Enlargement of Artistic Expression," deals with such aspects of his oeuvre as its recurrent symbols (arrow, circle, abstract script, eye, etc.) and intellectual directions (preoccupation with time-space, growth-decay, etc.) which she believes basic to its development and nature aspect.

The difficulties posed by Mrs. Giedion-Welcker's somewhat self-conscious erudition and conviction are not so much her conclusions, which she bases on the facts of Klee's pictures and their intricate interpretation, but rather her unstated but thoroughly implied premise: that Klee is a great artist and a great painter. This reviewer would concede the first half of the premise, convinced by the history of Klee's career, his published writings, and even more by the Rilkean myth he created about his person and the poetry of his ambitions. But as for Klee the painter, he still seems minor, peripheral to the subject of international modern art, despite Mrs. Giedion-Welcker's eloquence and Klee's international fame and exhibitions. The author quite rightly scolds and dismisses the reactionary taunts of "infantile" and "schizoid" which were, and still are, often leveled at his work. But one cannot deduce esthetic success from the phenomenon of critical failure, no matter how unfortunate or unfair. And Mrs. Giedion-Welcker seems too willing to accept Klee's motives for products, ideas about painting for paintings themselves, and, most

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Thomas B. Hess, author of "Abstract Painting," is managing editor of Art News.

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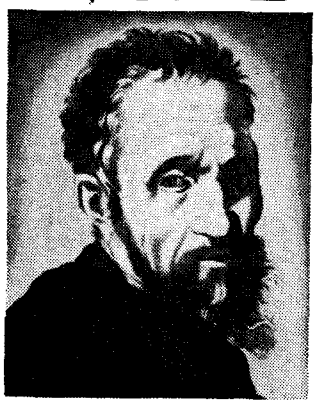

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important, the idea of an artist for the work by an artist.

History lists many famous men who were great artists, who chose to express themselves in visual mediums, and whose paintings, sculptures, or buildings seem minor—not only in terms of what we think was meant to be expressed, but also in the nonverbal terms of esthetic response. Leonardo da Vinci is their patron saint; their company includes Gauguin, Blake (not the writings), and so many members of the idealist schools of nineteenth-century romanticism and sixteenth-century mannerism.

Klee seemed to have been aware of the problem. His public utterances were often characterized by that pretentious Teutonic need for hyphenating the soul, but his obsessive search for technically appropriate methods of applying color to the plane surface is evidence of a determination to translate ideas about pictures into the substance of fact. He knew his idea was important. To oversimplify, it was that the methods of picture construction, which had led twentieth-century artists to distort the forms of nature until they became abstract, should be used to endow these forms with profoundly human poetry. Picasso made the face into a cube; Klee would enchant the cube and pack it with the associations of magic, mathematics, music, and other metaphors to express all the intricacy and beauty of experience. But Klee's great mistake was in failing to see that Picasso's cube had already achieved this state, and in the crucial terms of the construction of the painting. Picasso had expressed *as a painter* all the subtleties and depths to which Klee aspired as a thinker. So as a painter Klee tinkered with pictorial ideas he never quite grasped; as a thinker he prophesied much of the course of abstract painting for the next decades.

Such an evaluation of Klee denies the premise which Mrs. Giedion-Welcker supports with a wide variety of arguments drawn from a number of fields of modern thought. Most interesting to American readers, who have been presented quite a number of writings on this artist recently, probably will be the sections which deal with the beginnings of the artist's orientation, and the *fin-de-siècle* tug toward the grotesque which he found so congenial. Beardsley, Ensor, Kubin, and that fascinating earlier romantic, Runge, become a convincing ancestry. The author tells how Klee faced the dangers inherent in his exploration of the romantic sensibility, which is so apt to endow picture-making with extraneous verbal elements of cosmology: "At one time Klee himself described his attitude as *'kühl Romantik ohne Pathos'*—'cool romanticism without rhetoric.' " But staying "cool" demanded more thinking about pictures and less about poetry than this poet could ever find need to do. It is to his credit that the success he never achieved as a painter could only have come to him through a controlled genius similar to Poussin's or Titian's. And he did succeed in making a work of art of his life as an artist. This the author, who was his friend, touchingly memorializes.

Art books require postscripts for, like people, no matter how elevated their spirits, their material appearance influences our judgment. This one is materially attractive; its thirteen color plates are shiningly convincing; its design is a direct adaptation (without credit or particular understanding) of the work of Bradbury Thompson.

The reviewer is unfamiliar with the original German text, but the English one suggests it had lofty passages; Alexander Gode's translation reads easily except for a few unnecessarily involuted locutions. An indexed bibliography of the excellence one has come to expect from Hannah B. Muller is appended.

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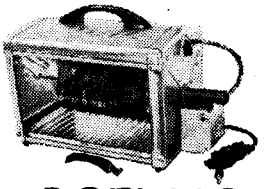

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TINTORETTO. By Eric Newton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 250 pp. One color plate, 76 halftones. $12.

By Hans Tietze

A HUNDRED years after Ruskin, the first writer to rediscover Jacopo Tintoretto, Eric Newton is reexamining the historical and artistic problems set by the master, deliberately aiming at replacing the picture drawn for the mid-nineteenth century by one corresponding better to the changed taste and increased knowledge of our own time. I trust he will succeed in his difficult task of rehabilitating an artist to whom Anglo-Saxon art lovers have always been antagonistic. His book certainly deserves full success. It displays all the fine qualities distinguishing earlier publications of this sensitive and penetrating art critic who in this new book has at his command all the vast literary and artistic material, analyzes both of them acutely, and, yet manages, despite this scholarly perfection, to avoid pedantry. He offers delightful reading, and every admirer of Tintoretto, this reviewer included, must acknowledge his indebtedness to him for correction of errors and manifold stimulation.

The author's renunciation of completeness and his concentration on a selection of representative works seem well justified in the case of an artist whose outlines are still in many directions indistinct. Much spadework will be needed to clarify Tintoretto's formative years or the organization of his workshop. The discussion of these and similar questions in the present state of our knowledge—beyond some casual spirited remarks the author devotes to them—would have weighed down the light structure he set out to build. In one instance, however, his claim to draw the line according to his own likes and dislikes results to my mind in a distortion of the figure of the artist. Justly annoyed by the huge number of mediocre portraits with which Tintoretto has been burdened—less by the favor of Venetian patrons than by the incapacity of our critical tools to separate his production from that of his assistants and imitators—Mr. Newton eliminates completely Tintoretto's activities as a portraitist. Though acknowledging that some of his portraits are magnificent— he singles out that of Morosini in the Na-

Hans Tietze's publications on painting include "Genuine and False" and an edition of "Masterpieces of European Paintings in America."

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tional Gallery in London, but might still better have mentioned some of the intimate portraits of friends—he throws them overboard, thus wiping out an important feature of Tintoretto's wholeness. Compositions and portraits offer the artist's creative power the same stuff. Just as it would be blindness to overlook the identity of spirit and style in Rembrandt's inventions and in his portraits, it injures Tintoretto also to segregate his authentic portraits—distinguished from the mass production of his shop—from his religious and mythological efforts. That he cast an important part of his artistic yearning into the interpretation of individual models is a real factor in his personality. It cannot be neglected without leaving a disturbing gap.

The author's seeming arbitrariness in this respect stems from the apologetic intention of his book. He is less interested in showing Tintoretto in his historic place than in pointing out those qualities of his work which make him a living power for us. This he felt to be an uphill fight. Like Ruskin a century earlier, he had to convince a reluctant public of Tintoretto's greatness.

But while Ruskin approached the task from the antecedents, Newton handles it from the effects; Ruskin searched Tintoretto for remnants of the classic beauty which was the basis of art for his generation; Newton seeks in Tintoretto's production the seeds of Baroque art which is now gaining appreciation even in England. In his superb analyses of Tintoretto's paintings he stresses everything which anticipates or prepares artistic trends of the following century. Where Ruskin saw Tintoretto as an end, Newton is inclined to see him as a beginning. Both are undoubtedly right, but it remains questionable whether either approach, from the past or from the future, can result in that objective fullness to which, though never reaching it, the art historian aspires.

Tintoretto lived in a period which art historians nowadays are accustomed to designate as Mannerism. The author tries his best to absolve his hero from following a style for which he offers the obsolete definition of "attempting to isolate and exaggerate the manner of an earlier painter and evolving a style from the scholarly study of style." He displays elsewhere so profound an understanding of the situation of Tintoretto as a (perhaps) self-made man and as an exceptional artist allowed to follow—in San Rocco—exclusively his own inspiration without the interference of a patron, that he should not have denied Tintoretto his place as one of the pillars of the style of his epoch.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. With "Below Stairs", a comedy of 1759 by Rev. James Townley (2 wds.).	1 12 160 37 148 27 92 118
B. Son and successor of Count Manuel, in Poictesme novels by Cabell.	142 95 153 94 62 147 23 14
C. Any of several forms of a skin disease common to man and domestic animals.	44 178 173 113 98
D. See Word J.	43 67 176 126 28 17
E. Asiatic statesman whose given name contains four a's.	48 131 93 77 20
F. Low-cut sports shoes with laces tied around the ankles.	6 144 100 133 59 65 70 46
G. Nationalist political party in Egypt.	141 181 11 88 134 140 108
H. Greek name for their ancient civic goddess, wise in both peace and war.	15 162 161 168 63 83
I. What Shakespeare said cannot live with crabbed age.	165 90 39 138 151
J. Followed by Words N and D, Britain, as affectionately described by Thos. Dibdin.	150 18 135 34 55
K. City in Maryland near mouth of Susquehanna River, famous for its race track.	56 120 50 7 30 97 35 72 102 80 84 2
L. A classic of Eastern travel, 1844.	49 85 68 163 177 123

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Where Dickens' domestic insect lived (3 wds.).	24 71 125 82 136 109 122 96 171 156 99
N. See Word J.	53 3 22 36 132 152
O. Trademark for a popular French apéritif.	115 86 105 174 111 75 172 73
P. Embouchure of a flute, etc.	19 145 103 107 64
Q. Space surrounding a house, castle, etc.	139 58 175 32 116
R. Boreal.	179 170 167 42 74
S. Kansas town famous as stopping place of caravans in Gold Rush.	9 81 29 157 128 127 76 137
T. Old English publishers of sacred music.	104 114 26 8 183 155 124
U. Bushy.	180 106 169 158 13 60
V. Browning's bird that sings his song twice over.	47 41 121 159 66 79
W. Dean of Columbia College, 1918-43.	31 61 78 146 184 4
X. Greedy.	51 21 45 69 57 164 129 10
Y. Ostentatiously stylish.	101 143 154 25 112 119
Z. The black one in pool (2 wds.).	54 91 40 117 130 182 166 149 87
Z¹. A fish which ascends rivers to spawn, as the salmon, etc.	5 16 110 89 52 38 33

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

		1 A	2 K		3 N	4 W		5 Z¹		6 F	7 K	8 T	9 S	10 X		11 G
12 A	13 U	14 B		15 H	16 Z¹	17 D		18 J		19 P	20 E	21 X	22 N		23 B	24 M
25 Y	26 T	27 A	28 D	29 S	30 K		31 W	32 Q	33 Z¹		34 J	35 K		36 N	37 A	38 Z¹
39 I	40 Z	41 V	42 R		43 D		44 C	45 X	46 F	47 V		48 E	49 L	50 K	51 X	52 Z¹
	53 N	54 Z	55 J		56 K	57 X	58 Q		59 F	60 U	61 W	62 B	63 H		64 P	65 F
66 V		67 D	68 L	69 X	70 F	71 M	72 K	73 O	74 R		75 O	76 S	77 E		78 W	79 V
80 K	81 S		82 M	83 H		84 K	85 L	86 O	87 Z	88 G		89 Z¹	90 I		91 Z	92 A
	93 E	94 B		95 B	96 M	97 K	98 C		99 M	100 F	101 Y		102 K	103 P	104 T	
105 O	106 U	107 P		108 G	109 M	110 Z¹	111 O	112 Y		113 C	114 T	115 O		116 Q	117 Z	118 A
119 Y		120 K	121 V	122 M		123 L	124 T	125 M		126 D	127 S		128 S	129 X	130 Z	131 E
132 N	133 F	134 G	135 J	136 M	137 S	138 I		139 Q	140 G		141 G	142 B		143 Y	144 F	145 P
	146 W	147 B	148 A	149 Z		150 J	151 I	152 N	153 B		154 Y	155 T	156 M	157 S	158 U	159 V
160 A	161 H		162 H	163 L	164 X	165 I		166 Z	167 R	168 H		169 U	170 R	171 M	172 O	
173 C	174 O	175 Q	176 D	177 L		178 C	179 R	180 U		181 G	182 Z	183 T	184 W			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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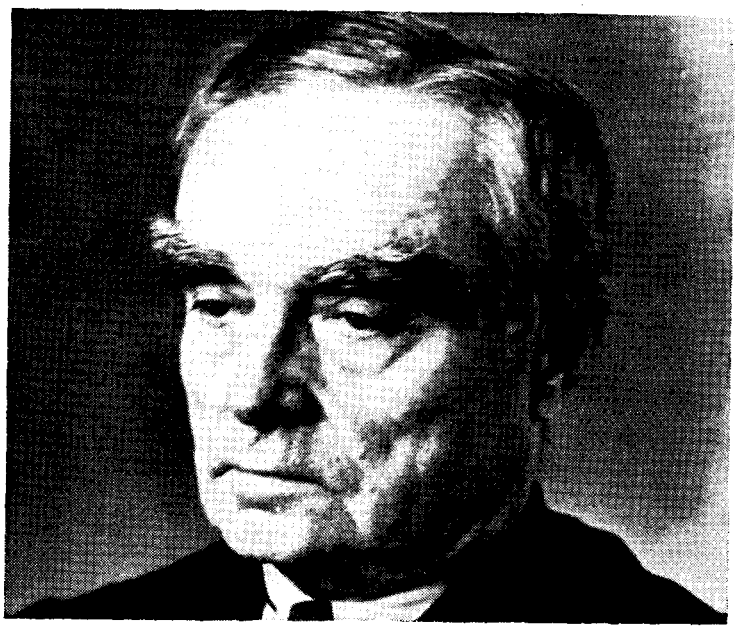

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